ACADEMY CLASSICS

# MODERN LYRICS

DICKINSON

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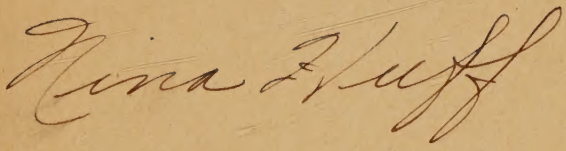

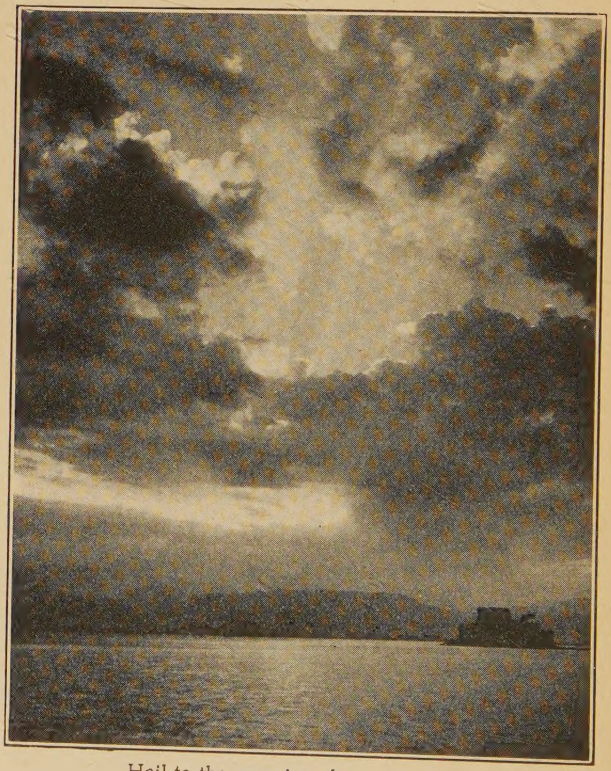

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high.
(Page 56)

Academy Classics for Junior High Schools
EDITED BY STELLA S. CENTER

# MODERN LYRICS

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
KATE L. DICKINSON
PRINCIPAL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 42
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

ALLYN AND BACON
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS

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# PREFACE

THE purpose of *Modern Lyrics* is to foster in young readers an interest in modern poetry. It attempts to cultivate in them an intelligent appreciation of musical speech blended with beauty of images and emotional tones.

*Modern Lyrics* contains poems by representative modern poets: Robert Frost, Louise Imogen Guiney, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, John Masefield, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alfred Noyes, Walter de la Mare, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and others. Care has been taken to select poems that are within the young reader's mental and spiritual grasp. A few of the poems may require the reader to stretch in order to grasp their full significance. Such poems stimulate growth.

The appendix attempts to make the reading of poetry a pleasant, normal reading experience, in the hope that the habit of reading poetry may be so well established that it will become a permanent one. The questions focus the reader's attention on the theme, the characteristic rhythm, and the general aspects of a poem rather than on minute, technical details. The fundamental principles of present-day tendencies of meter are simply explained, and the traditional verse forms reviewed. The pupil is initiated into what constitutes true poetry, as distinct from mere versification.

It is recommended that both teacher and pupil read poetry aloud, to comprehend the swinging rhythm. Some of the poems may be chanted or sung with good effect. Reading poetry aloud in a proper spirit often makes all explanation unnecessary. Effective reading rather than much explanation will enable the pupil to grasp the emotional experience suggested by the poem. Appreciative reading may encourage some readers to experiment with verse forms and perhaps to write poetry. Such readers will find suggestions to help them. Attempts at creative writing often lead to more discriminating reading.

The appendix provides suggestions for further reading and biographical notes on the poets represented in *Modern Lyrics* in order that young readers may become acquainted with the world of poetry and feel at home in it.

K. L. D.

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# MODERN LYRICS

The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road.

## MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

— Thomas Bailey Aldrich

---

Line 9. **listlessly**: wearily.

## FLOWER OF THE LAND

The land is like a garden with a blossoming of boys.
All across a continent, from the wide Atlantic's booming,
To the hoarse Pacific breakers, shouting deep triumphant noise;
All across a thousand prairies; from the Rocky Mountains' looming;
From the farms and from the cities, out of villages like toys
Pour the boys!
Everywhere — oh, my country, everywhere
The flower of America has sprung to sudden blooming.

Steady flowing, never ending, never heeding rank or races,
Eager faces set and sober, toward the cloud of battle lowering —
Hear the swinging of battalions, see the young, unfearing faces.
Thousands upon crowding thousands, iron muscles, steady faces,
Out of snows and out of bayous, out of fields and cities towering,

---

LINE **13. bayous**: in the southern United States, outlets of lakes.

Rich and poor, from lordly mansions, out of tiny homes like toys
Stream the boys!
Everywhere — oh, my country, everywhere
The harvest of the land we love has ripened to its flowering.

For the God of Hosts has lifted up our souls to be a nation;
He has silenced them who doubted that we knew his trumpet voice;
He has set us on a mountain top to suffer for salvation,
Has crowned us and has cleaned us with suffering and salvation.
And — to answer if our hearts are fixed on riches and on toys —
Lord, the boys!
Not for gain — God Almighty, not for gaining
We are offering our flowering for a bulwark to creation —
Lord — our boys!

— Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

---

Line **25. bulwark:** a means of protection.

## A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

Heaven is in my hand, and I
Touch a heartbeat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you — a bird!

— Joseph Auslander

# DOWNPOUR

Shattered silver the rain is falling
  Over the drowned moon in the sea;
The muffled horns of the rain are calling
  Reluctantly.

Snuffed are the candles in the houses;
  The wet birds ruffle close together;
A lank mare, unremembered, drowses
  Drenched at her tether.

Roads are rutted and old wagons
  Lumber and lunge on sunken stones;
The rain at a thousand gusty flagons
  Gurgles and groans.

The reef whitens its chain of rock
  Under the downpour's hammering;
Clouds encounter, and the shock
  Sets them stammering.

Shattered silver the rain is falling
  Over the drowned moon in the sea;
The muffled horns of the rain are calling
  Incessantly.

— Joseph Auslander

---

Line **4. Reluctantly:** unwillingly. **8. tether:** a rope holding fast an animal. **11. flagons:** flasks. **20. Incessantly:** without stopping.

## HOME-BOUND

The moon rims the wavering tide where one fish
slips,
The water makes a quietness of sound,
Night is an anchoring of many ships
Home-bound.

There are strange tunnelers in the dark, and whirs
Of wings that die, and hairy spiders spin
The silence into nets, and tenanters
Move softly in.

I step on shadows gliding through the grass
And feel the night lean cool against my face:
And challenged by the sentinel of space —
I pass.

— Joseph Auslander

---

Line **1. wavering:** moving back and forth. **7. tenanters:** those who live in a place. **11. challenged:** called in question. **sentinel:** guard.

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

---

LINE **14. flaw:** imperfection.

America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

— Katharine Lee Bates

---

Line **27. alabaster:** a soft white limestone used for making ornaments.

Magic walks the forest; there's bewitchment on the air.

## GYPSY-HEART

The April world is misted with emerald and gold;
The meadow larks are calling sweet and keen;
Gypsy-heart is up and off for woodland and for wold,
Roaming, roaming, roaming through the green.
Gypsy-heart, away!
Oh, the wind — the wind and the sun!
Take the blithe adventure of the fugitive to-day;
Youth will soon be done.

From buds that May is kissing there trembles forth a soul;
The rosy boughs are whispering the white;
Gypsy-heart is heedless now of thrush and oriole,
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of delight.
Gypsy-heart, beware!
Oh, the song — the song in the blood!
Magic walks the forest; there's bewitchment on the air.
Spring is at the flood.

---

LINE **3. wold**: a plain or low hill. **15. bewitchment**: magic; enchantment.

The wings of June are woven of fragrance and of fire;
Heap roses, crimson roses, for her throne.
Gypsy-heart is anguished with tumultuous desire,
Seeking, seeking, seeking for its own.
Gypsy-heart, abide!
Oh, the far — the far is the near!
'Tis a foolish fable that the universe is wide.
All the world is here.

— Katharine Lee Bates

---

Line **19. anguished:** suffering.

## GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry —
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;

---

LINE 2. **poised**: balanced.

Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

— H. C. Beeching

## A BOY'S PRAYER

God who created me
  Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
  To run, to ride, to swim;
  Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
  I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

— H. C. Beeching

## PORTRAIT OF A BOY

After the whipping, he crawled into bed;
Accepting the harsh fact with no great weeping.
How funny uncle's hat had looked striped red!
He chuckled silently. The moon came, sweeping
A black frayed rag of tattered cloud before
In scorning; very pure and pale she seemed,
Flooding his bed with radiance. On the floor
Fat motes danced. He sobbed; closed his eyes and dreamed.
Warm sand flowed round him. Blurts of crimson light
Splashed the white grains like blood. Past the cave's mouth
Shone with a large fierce splendor, wildly bright,
The crooked constellations of the South;
Here the Cross swung; and there, affronting Mars,
The Centaur stormed aside a froth of stars.
Within, great casks like wattled aldermen
Sighed of enormous feasts, and cloth of gold
Glowed on the walls like hot desire. Again,
Beside webbed purples from some galleon's hold,

---

LINE **8. motes:** small spots. **15. wattled:** with flesh hanging below the chin. **18. galleon:** a large Spanish three-decked vessel. **hold:** part of vessel where cargo is stored.

A black chest bore the skull and bones in white
Above a scrawled "Gunpowder!" By the flames,
Decked out in crimson gemmed with syenite,
Hailing their fellows by outrageous names
The pirates sat and diced. Their eyes were moons.
"Doubloons!" they said. The words crashed gold.
"Doubloons!"

— Stephen Vincent Benét

---

Line **21. syenite:** a white and reddish rock somewhat like granite. **24. Doubloons:** gold coins.

## A SONG

For mercy, courage, kindness, mirth,
There is no measure upon earth.
Nay, they wither, root and stem,
If an end be set to them.

Overbrim and overflow,
If your own heart you would know;
For the spirit born to bless
Lives but in its own excess.

— LAURENCE BINYON

---

LINE **8. excess:** overflowing measure.

## SIC VITA

Heart free, hand free,
  Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
  Is a place of wonder.
Sunshine, moonshine,
  Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
  Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,
  Days to follow after,
Joys of life sold to me
  For the price of laughter.
Girl's love, man's love,
  Love of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove
  Beauty, beauty, beauty!

— William Stanley Braithwaite

## A SONG FOR MY MOTHER: HER HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair;
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams —
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things —
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sounds of hidden wings.

## Anna Hempstead Branch

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
  Brown pastures bleak and far —
I leaned my cheek into a mist
  And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
  And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
  I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on
  It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
  Hollow and beautiful.

— Anna Hempstead Branch

## THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by Eng
land given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

— Rupert Brooke

## SONG

Love's on the highroad,
Love's on the byroad,
Love's on the meadow, and
Love's in the mart!
And down every byway
Where I've taken my way
I've met Love a-smiling for
Love's in my heart.

— Dana Burnet

---

Line **4.** **mart:** market place.

## LIE-AWAKE SONGS

### I

Often when awake I lie
Listening to the clocks go round
Hours and hours, I wonder why
My brother sleeps so sound.

### II

The city is so kind to me;
It stays awake for company —
It never sleeps at all.
Its lamps are always burning bright
From when my mother says good night
Until the milkmen call.
The street is always full of wheels,
Horse carriages and aut'mobiles —
The whole night long they pass,
Carrying home to marble halls
Princesses that have been to balls
In little shoes of glass.
Then there's the dog across the way —
He must be dreaming of the day
Or barking at a kitty —

And people talking as they go . . .
I often wonder do they know
That I'm awake and like them so,
Or is it just — the City?

## III

God has a house three streets away,
And every Sunday, rain or shine,
My nurse goes there her prayers to say.
She's told me of the candles fine
That burning all night long they keep
Because God never goes to sleep.
Then there's a steeple full of bells;
All through the dark the time it tells.
I like to hear it in the night
And think about those candles bright.
I wonder if God stays awake
For kindness, like the furnaceman
Who comes before it's day, to make
Our house as pleasant as he can.
I like to watch the sky grow blue
And think perhaps the whole world through
No one's awake but just us three —
God and the furnaceman and me.

— Amelia Josephine Burr

## AN APRIL MORNING

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodilies
Are blowing in the sun.

— Bliss Carman

---

Line 4. **plumy:** feathery. **14. choirs:** bands of singers.

We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds.

## ROADSIDE FLOWERS

We are the roadside flowers,
  Straying from garden grounds;
Lovers of idle hours,
  Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
  If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
  The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
  He makes His sun to rise,
And His rain to fall like pardon
  On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty —
  The task of the wandering breed —
To better the world with beauty,
  Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
  Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason,
  The Lord of the Garden knows.

— Bliss Carman

## A SON OF THE SEA

I was born for deep-sea faring;
I was bred to put to sea.
Stories of my father's daring
Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;
I was cubbed beside the foam;
All my heart is in its verges,
And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal
Bourns of being, come to me
Dreamlike, plangent, and eternal
Memories of the plunging sea.

—Bliss Carman

---

Line **5. sired:** fathered. **surges:** large roaring waves. **6. cubbed:** brought up when a child. **7. verges:** edges, margins. **9. vernal:** springlike. **10. Bourns:** realms, boundaries. **11. plangent:** resounding, dashing with a loud noise.

## A VAGABOND SONG

There is something in the autumn that is native to
my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson
keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood
astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

— Bliss Carman

## MORNING-GLORIES

They swing from the garden trellis
  In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
  Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret,
  And the jessamine also knows;
And the rose told me the story
  That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: At midnight,
  Ere the red cock woke and crew,
The fays of Queen Titania
  Came here to bathe i' the dew.

And the yellow moonlight glistened
  On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
  Fell lighter than any air.

And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
  They hung up, every one,

---

LINE **2. Ariel:** a sprite; a fairy in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. **3. aromatic:** spicy. **11. fays:** fairies. **Titania:** queen of the fairies.

On the morning-glory's tendrils,
Till their moonlight bath was done.

But the red cock crew too early,
And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, one and all —
Like blossoms hanging here.

— Madison Cawein

## A ROAD SONG

It's — Oh, for the hills, where the wind's some one
With a vagabond foot that follows!
And a cheer-up hand that he clasps upon
Your arm with the hearty words, "Come on!"
We'll soon be out of the hollows,
My heart!
We'll soon be out of the hollows!

It's — Oh, for the songs, where the hope's some one
With a renegade foot that doubles!
And a jolly lilt that he flings to the sun
As he turns with a friendly laugh, "Come on!"
We'll soon be out of the troubles,
My heart!
We'll soon be out of the troubles.

— MADISON CAWEIN

---

From *The Complete Poems of Madison Cawein.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **9. renegade:** traitor.

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap;
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast;
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart;
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee;
His hair was like a crown;
And all the flowers looked up at him,
And all the stars looked down.

— G. K. CHESTERTON

# THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW

## I. April

Ere the first buds of April blow
In sunny woodlandsides,
By ways I know, in thickets low,
The little whitethroat hides.

His wavering wood-notes wild I hear:
"O sweet! sweet! sweet to me."
Serene and clear, remote, yet near,
His timid melody.

He will not stay though orchards gray
Put on their pink and white;
He must away before the May,
Across the hills at night.

Oh, give to me the dripping tree,
And tremulous and thin,
The whitethroat's whistled minstrelsy
When April days begin.

## II. October

The black creek creeps around old stumps,
And muskrat slides and willow clumps;

The hardhack thickets and the sedge
Stretch out toward the meadow's edge;
And migrant whitethroats biding nigh,
Pipe to the gray October sky.
Now, robins, fill your portly craws
With elderberries and black haws;
You crows upon the reddening hill,
Cease wrangling for a while, be still.
You scolding jays, I would as lief
You called the prowling fox a thief;
And nuthatch, sliding down your tree,
Forbear that forced, sardonic glee;
Keep silence, for the piper blows
A tune the wild north country knows.
Ethereal whistle! Quavering flute!
Now all you chirping birds be mute.

— W. W. Christman

---

**11.** Line **3. sedge:** a coarse grass growing in swamps. **7. craws:** birds' crops. **8. haws:** fruit of the hawthorn. **17. Ethereal:** exquisite, heavenly.

## ROBIN RIMES

*Steep my rimes, May, in your bloom;*
*Drench them in your rich perfume.*

### I

Dandelions wink at night;
Orchard trees stand pink and white;
Sweet as sandalwood or myrrh,
Lilacs white and lavender;
And springlong in shine or rain
Boyhood's song, the robin's strain.

Let the jocund bobolink
Tinkle on the meadow brink,
And the veery breathe and blow
On his silver piccolo,
Robin with his boxwood flute
Makes the greatest artists mute.

---

**I.** LINE **7. jocund:** gay. **10. piccolo:** a small flute.

## II

Oh, I'll make a song sometime
Out of bits of robin rime
Sung in tip-top elms, the sun
Loves at eve to dwell upon:
"Skylight pales
And twilight veils
All the fragrant dells and dales;
Night is near,
But have no fear,
Perfect love abideth here.
Sleep, my dear,
Love bides here."

## III

Now I hear the lyrist sing
Where the lilac censers fling
Incense to the dewy dawn —
Oh, the spray he sings upon —
Joy in callow babes and mate
Makes his ruddy breast elate.
Robin of my lilacs — who,
Having such a home as you,
Would not be a poet too?

---

**III.** LINE **2. censers:** incense burners. **5. callow:** very young.

Thus at dawn I hear him sing
Where the lilac censers swing:
"Here's the hour
Of love again;
Here's the bower
We wedded in;
Daybreak's near
Awake, my dear;
Here, clear, cheer!"

—W. W. CHRISTMAN

## FOR JOY

For each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing —

For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep —

For stars that pierce the somber dark,
For morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark —

For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and blossomy lane,
For sweet silence of the plain —

For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by hearty trod —
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!

— Florence Earle Coates

# THE OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

Oh, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf again' the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled with white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Cleaning and sweeping hearth and floor
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire, and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loath to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph!

---

From *Wild Earth and Other Poems* by Padraic Colum. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **7. delph**: a kind of pottery.

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where ther's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I'm praying to God on high
And I'm praying Him night and day,
For a little house — a house of my own —
Out of the wind's and rain's way.

— Padraic Colum

# A YELLOW PANSY

To the wall of the old green garden
A butterfly quivering came;
His wings on the somber lichens
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums
And the sleepy four-o'clocks;
He looked at the low lanes bordered
With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the silence,
And the shadows that lengthened there,
And his wee wild heart was weary
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden —
I know not how it came —
A single pansy is blooming,
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes,
It quivers as if with pain,
For the butterfly soul that is in it
Longs for the winds again!

— Helen Gray Cone

---

Line **3. somber:** sober; dull. **lichens:** gray flowerless plants found on rocks and in dry places.

## BARBERRY

I'm going to have a horse
Named Barberry,
His coat the color of barberry leaves
In autumn:
Russet red he will be
With flying mane,
Strong and wiry,
His head slender and haughty!
Touch him . . . feel the life and joy within him
Run through you like fire!
He will be free as wind;
He will take me through forests away from people,
Past lakes, across rivers, into the mountains;
He will go galloping across cornfields by twilight;
He will find me a coral beach.
His eyes will snap with joy of always being free.
*People may give me their best horses . . .*
*Barberry for me, against them all!*

— Hilda Conkling

## BOOKS

Books, books that I love so,
Poetry . . . fairy tales . . . stories . . .
All of them together make one huge book
Broad as a mountain
With golden pages
And pictures of long ago.
I read and I read . . . of living . . . of thoughts . . .
Of queer things people tell.
If I could I would buy that huge book,
All the world in one!
But it cannot be bought
For one penny or two.

— Hilda Conkling

## GOLDFISH

Like a shot of gold
Or an arrow darting
With thin gold wings
He swims . . .
Now around . . . then straight . . .
Then a swish of tail . . .
Then zigzag all along
With a kind of stiff smile. . . .
In ponds or bowls
He swims and stares
Out of big popping eyes
Of ebony. . . .

— Hilda Conkling

Line **12. ebony**: a black wood.

## MY MIND AND I

We are friends,
My mind and I;
Yet sometimes we cannot understand each other;
As though a cloud had gone over the sun,
Or the pool all blind with trees
Had forgotten the sky.

— Hilda Conkling

## RIVER

Something wanders among the mountains,
Something ripples along forget-me-not fields,
Something cries when birds go south,
Something curves its golden sand bar
Like the handle of a purple sword.
If I speak strangely
Do not wonder:
Something is looking for a castle
Made of seaweed, shells, and coral,
Where the sea curls
Under the sunrise.

— Hilda Conkling

## SONG FOR MORNING

Free to the wind like a swallow,
Free to the wind like a bird,
Over clouds, over fields flying always,
Never resting from the blue air,
Over brooks curled like ringlets,
Over apple trees in flower,
That is where I would be;
Free to the wind, free!

— Hilda Conkling

## TREE TOAD

Tree toad is a small gray person
With a silver voice;
Tree toad is a leaf-gray shadow
That sings.
Tree toad is never seen
Unless a star squeezes through the leaves,
Or a moth looks sharply at a gray branch.
How would it be, I wonder,
To sing patiently all night,
Never thinking that people are asleep?
Raindrops and mist, starriness over the trees,
The moon, the dew, the other little singers,
Cricket . . . toad . . . leaf rustling . . .
They would listen:
It would be music like weather
That gets into all the corners
Of out-of-doors.

Every night I see little shadows
I never saw before.
Every night I hear little voices
I never heard before.
When night comes trailing her starry cloak,

I start out for slumberland,
With tree toads calling along the roadside.
*Good night*, I say to one, *Good-by*, I say to another;
*I hope to find you on the way*
*We have traveled before!*
*I hope to hear you singing on the Road of Dreams!*

— Hilda Conkling

And the sky is held in the water.

## WATER

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.

What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

— Hilda Conkling

## THE BLADES OF GRASS

In heaven,
Some little blades of grass
Stood before God.
"What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
Ashamed.
Presently God said,
"And what did you do?"
And the little blade answered, "Oh, my Lord,
Memory is bitter to me,
For, if I did good deeds,
I know not of them."
Then God, in all His splendor,
Arose from his throne,
"Oh, best little blade of grass!" he said.

— Stephen Crane

## A GIRL OF THE WEST

Like a lithe young lad,
A khaki-clad
  Girl flashes by;
Her horse and she
Are one with sea
  And dunes and sky.

The stunted trees,
And the white-capped seas,
  The sand that slips;
And past her face
Alight with the race
  A glimpse of ships!

I took them back to the town with me:
The horse and rider, the beach and sea.
I can close my eyes again and be
There on the sand. And the waves leap high!
And I watch. And a horse and a girl flash by.

— Mary Carolyn Davies

## SEA-GULL SONG

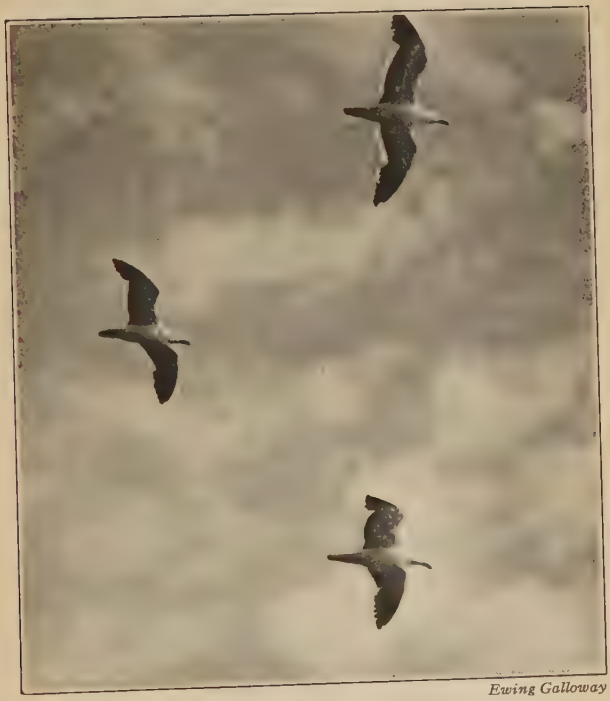
My thoughts are mighty sea gulls,
  Shining out to sea,
As white and strong as sea gulls,
  As avid of the sea.
They rest upon the green waves,
  They mount up, one by one.
My thoughts are lordly sea gulls,
  Lovely in the sun.

My body stays in bondage
  Upon the shore, I know;
But lazily float the sea gulls,
  Like great flakes of snow.
Lazily float the sea gulls,
  Drifting in the blue;
My thoughts are bright as sea gulls,
  Their flight as true.

They scorn the towns, the shore line;
  Their home is in the sky;
They joy to breast the tempest,
  My thoughts, more strong than I.

---

LINE 4. **avid of**: greedy for.



*Ewing Galloway*

My thoughts are lordly sea gulls,
Lovely in the sun.

Mean household tasks may hold me
  And four walls conquer me,
But my thoughts are sea gulls
  Lifting out to sea.

— Mary Carolyn Davies

## DAY'S BLACK STAR

Is it that small black star,
  Twinkling in broad daylight,
Upon the bosom of
  Yon cloud so white —
Is it that small black thing
Makes earth and all heaven ring!

Sing, you black star; and soar
  Until, alas! too soon
You fall to earth in one
  Long singing swoon;
But you will rise again
To heaven, from this green plain.

Sing, sing, sweet star; though black,
  Your company's more bright
Than any star that shines
  With a white light;
Sing, skylark, sing; and give
To me thy joy to live.

— William H. Davies

## THE EXAMPLE

Here's an example from
  A butterfly,
That on a rough, hard rock
  Happy can lie;
Friendless and all alone
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard,
  No care take I;
I'll make my joy like this
  Small butterfly,
Whose happy heart has power
To make a stone a flower.

— William H. Davies

## A GREETING

Good morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The sun, is my great friend —
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk —
Be't calico or silk;
Good morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.

— WILLIAM H. DAVIES

---

LINE **16. calico:** a cotton material.

## HAPPY WIND

Oh, happy wind, how sweet
  Thy life must be!
The great, proud fields of gold
  Run after thee;
And here are flowers, with heads
  To nod and shake;
And dreaming butterflies
  To tease and wake.
Oh, happy wind, I say,
To be alive this day.

— William H. Davies

## LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

— William H. Davies

## THE RAIN

I hear leaves drinking rain;
  I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
  Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear,
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out,
  After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
  Each dark, round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

— William H. Davies

## THE LISTENERS

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,

---

LINE **3. champed:** bit with force.

Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

— Walter de la Mare

## NOBODY KNOWS

Often I've heard the Wind sigh
By the ivied orchard wall,
Over the leaves in the dark night,
Breathe a sighing call,
And faint away in the silence,
While I, in my bed,
Wondered, 'twixt dreaming and waking,
What is said.

Nobody knows what the Wind is,
Under the height of the sky,
Where the hosts of the stars keep far-away house
And its wave sweeps by —
Just a great wave of the air,
Tossing the leaves in its sea,
And foaming under the eaves of the roof
That covers me.

And so we live under deep water,
All of us, beasts and men,
And our bodies are buried down under the sand,
When we go again;
And leave, like the fishes, our shells,
And float, on the Wind and away,
To where, o'er the marvelous tides of the air,
Burns day.

— WALTER DE LA MARE

## NOD

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

— Walter de la Mare

---

Line **9. quick**: alive. **10. conies**: rabbits.

## BECLOUDED

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A traveling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

— Emily Dickinson

---

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Line 8. **diadem**: crown.

## BOOKS

There is no frigate like a book
  To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
  Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
  Without oppress of toll:
How frugal is the chariot
  That bears a human soul!

— Emily Dickinson

---

From *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, copyrighted by Little, Brown and Company.

Line **1. frigate:** a sailing ship. **3. coursers:** race horses. **5. traverse:** journey.

## THE STORM

There came a wind like a bugle;
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost;
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.
On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!

— Emily Dickinson

---

From *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, copyrighted by Little, Brown and Company.

Line **4. ominous:** threatening.

## ADVENTURE

In those great days adventure called
And men rowed out to sea,
To find the city golden-walled,
Where the sun's house might be.

Not knowing what their quest would bring,
They urged their painted ships,
And drowned upon that wayfaring
With laughter on their lips.

But now we keep the guarded town,
Secure against surprise,
And watch the royal sun go down,
With unadventurous eyes.

Hurl back the cautious words men say,
Renew the ancient quest,
The path lies blue across the bay,
Beyond, the flaming west!

Oh, come, while still the galley waits,
Escape the languid hours,
Defy your comfortable fates,
The prow is crowned with flowers.

---

LINE **17. galley:** a low-decked ship propelled by oars.
**20. prow:** the forward end of a ship.

The oar is hungry for the wave,
  The sail invites the breeze,
And gloriously the breakers rave
  Within uncharted seas!

It may be we shall sink and know
  Our quest superbly vain,
Or win where gates of sunset glow,
  Adventurers again.

—T. W. Earp

---

Line **24. uncharted:** pathless.

The oar is hungry for the wave,
The sail invites the breeze.

## AT THE AQUARIUM

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the agéd deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never winking eyes;
They watch with staring, cold surprise
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

— Max Eastman

## THE DINKEY-BIRD

In an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go,
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries
And taffy's thick as peas —
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play:

---

LINE **2. sapient:** wise. **20. ardor:** eagerness.

When I hear their laughter ringing,
  Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
  In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
  And staccatos are so sweet —
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
  And robustos so complete —
That the youth of every nation —
  Be they near or far away —
Have especial delectation
  In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
  Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
  And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
  The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
  In the amfalula tree.

---

Line **25. bravuras**: brilliant passages of music. **26. staccatos**: short, sharp notes. **27. roulades**: rolls or flourishes. **appoggiaturas**: introductory notes of music. **28. robustos**: vigorous tones. **31. delectation**: joy. **32. roundelay**: a song with a refrain often repeated.

I'm sure you like to go there
To see your feathered friend —
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

— Eugene Field

## JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellows call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl — ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn
by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in
the lake —
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there
ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she
is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to
slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a
ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited
an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his
hoss;

An' then I laff and holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnly an' still;
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

— Eugene Field

## SEEIN' THINGS

I ain't afraid uv snakes or toads or bugs, or worms or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave I guess, and yet I hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly and so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes, they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white —
But color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on
our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a
row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me — so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered 'at time I never slep'
a mite —
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath.
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it
right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at
night!

An' so when other naughty boys would coax me
into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me
within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big
an' nice,
I want to — but I do not pass my plate f'r them
things twice!
No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at
night!

— Eugene Field

## THE SKATERS

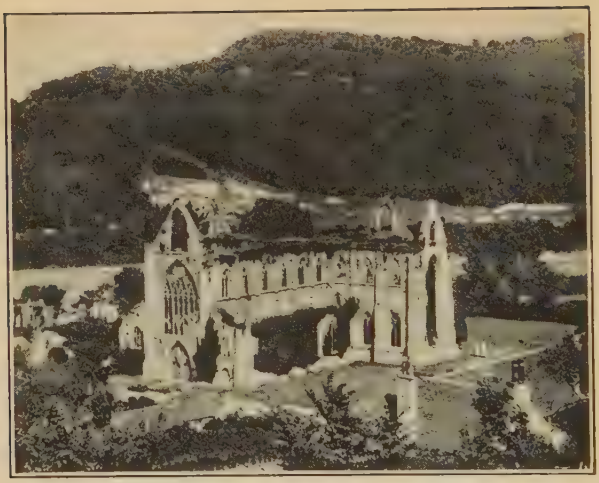
Black swallows swooping or gliding
In a flurry of entangled loops and curves,
The skaters skim over the frozen river.
And the grinding click of their skates as they impinge upon the surface
Is like the brushing together of thin wing tips of silver.

— John Gould Fletcher

---

Line 4. **impinge**: to thrust or strike.

In a flurry of entangled loops and curves,
The skaters skim over the frozen river.



But I see the Golden Valley
Down by Tintern on the Wye.

## THE IRON MUSIC

The French guns roll continuously
And our guns heavy, slow;
Along the Ancre sinuously,
The transport wagons go,
And the dust is on the thistles
And the larks sing up on high —
*But I see the Golden Valley*
*Down by Tintern on the Wye.*

For it's just nine weeks last Sunday
Since we took the Chepstow train,
And I'm wondering if one day
We shall do the like again;
For the four-point-two's come screaming
Thro' the sausages on high;
*So there's little use in dreaming*
*How we walked above the Wye.*

Dust and corpses in the thistles
Where the gas shells burst like snow

---

LINE **3. sinuously:** windingly. **8.** ***Tintern on the Wye:*** a place in England on the border of Wales. **13. four-point-two's:** shrapnel shells. **14. sausages:** observation balloons.

And the shrapnel screams and whistles
On the Becourt road below,
And the High Wood bursts and bristles
Where the mine clouds foul the sky . . .
*But I'm with you at Wyndcroft*
*Over Tintern on the Wye.*

— Ford Madox Ford

# THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

— Sam Walter Foss

## AN EMPTY THREAT

I stay;
But it isn't as if
There wasn't always Hudson's Bay
And the fur trade,
A small skiff
And a paddle blade.

I can just see my tent pegged,
And me on the floor,
Cross-legged,
And a trapper looking in at the door
With furs to sell.

His name's Joe,
Alias John,
And between what he doesn't know
And won't tell
About where Henry Hudson's gone,
I can't say he's much help;
But we get on.

The seal yelp
On an ice cake,
It's not men by some mistake?

No,
There's not a soul
For a windbreak
Between me and the North Pole —

Except always John-Joe
My French Indian Eskimo,
And he's off setting traps,
In one himself perhaps.

Give a head shake
Over so much bay
Thrown away
In snow and mist
That doesn't exist,
I was going to say,
For God, man or beast's sake,
Yet does perhaps for all three.

Don't ask Joe
What it is to him.
It's sometimes dim
What it is to me,
Unless it be
It's the old captain's dark fate
Who failed to find or force a strait
In its two-thousand-mile coast
And his crew left him where he failed,
And nothing came of all he sailed.

It's to say, "You and I,"
To such a ghost,
"You and I
Off here
With the dead race of the Great Auk!"
And, "Better defeat almost,
If seen clear,
Than life's victories of doubt
That need endless talk talk
To make them out."

— Robert Frost

---

Line **52. Auk:** a large extinct bird.

## BIRCHES

When I see b'rches bend to left and right
Across the line of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow crust —
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fal'en
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground

---

LINE **14. bracken:** large ferns.

Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say, when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice storm,
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches;
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping

From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

— Robert Frost

## THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by;
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You can never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

— Rose Fyleman

# COURAGE

Courage is but a word, and yet, of words,
The only sentinel of permanence,
The ruddy watch fire of cold winter days;
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
And on. For faith — without it — has no sense;
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
And life forever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,
But hales us on and on to breast the rush
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields —
Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

— JOHN GALSWORTHY

---

LINE 2. **sentinel**: one who watches or guards.

## MAGIC

Within my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone,
Each fleck red-gold —
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
In Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool, and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the cañon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.

— Hamlin Garland

---

Line **2. lichen**: a flowerless plant which grows on stones. **15. cañon**: a narrow deep passage between hills or mountains.

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

The mountains are a lonely folk,
They stand afar — alone;
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
Hear neither sigh nor groan.
Each bears him in his ordered place
As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

— Hamlin Garland

---

Line 8. **bolster up:** prop up; keep from falling.

*Hileman*

They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

## DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
    Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow rugged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

— Hamlin Garland

---

Line **9. swarthy:** dark of complexion.

## THE GAUNT GRAY WOLF

Oh, a shadowy beast is the gaunt gray wolf!
And his feet fall soft on a carpet of spines;
When the night shuts quick and the winds are cold,
He haunts the deeps of the northern pines.

His eyes are eager, his teeth are keen,
As he slips at night through the brush like a snake,
Crouching and cringing, straight into the wind,
To leap with a grin on the fawn in the brake.

He falls like a cat on the mother grouse
Brooding her young in the wind-bent weeds,
Or listens to heed with a start of greed,
The bittern booming from river reeds.

He's the symbol of hunger the whole earth through;
His specter sits at the door or cave;
And the homeless hear with a thrill of fear
The sound of his wind-swept voice on the air.

— Hamlin Garland

---

Line **8. brake**: a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles. **12. bittern**: a water bird of the heron family. **14. specter**: ghost.

## HOME FROM WILD MEADOWS

Through cool dry dust the wagons chuckle,
In talk subdued and grave and low;
The horses walk with heads low-swinging,
Their footfalls muffled, rhythmical, and slow.
Upon the weedy load of autumn grasses
I lie at ease and watch the daylight wane,
Hearing the hum of distant thresher,
And cowbells down the dusty lane.

The darkness deepens, and the stars appearing
Line out the march of coming night,
And now I hear the farmyard's calling,
And see the kitchen's band of friendly light.
Familiar laughter wakes — the falling neck yokes rattle,
The pump gives out a welcome squeal,
The barn's gloom swallows men and cattle,
And mother's call to supper is like a bugle's peal.

— Hamlin Garland

## THE GREEN INN

I sicken of men's company,
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store —
Great drinks mixed cunningly

Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea;
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

O you, who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.

— Theodosia Garrison

---

Line **21. furze:** gorse shrub with yellow flowers.

## WANDER-THIRST

Beyond the east the sunrise, beyond the west the sea,
And east and west the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-by;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and, if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky.

— GERALD GOULD

# I'D LOVE TO BE A FAIRY'S CHILD

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire:
Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.
Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
Built of brick or granite stone;
They live on cherries, they run wild –
I'd love to be a fairy's child.

— Robert Graves

# I WONDER WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE DROWNED?

Look at my knees,
That island rising from the steamy seas!
The candle's a tall lightship; my two hands
Are boats and barges anchored to the sands,
With mighty cliffs all round;
They're full of wine and riches from far lands. . . .
I wonder what it feels like to be drowned?

I can make caves,
By lifting up the island, and huge waves
And storms, and then with head and ears well under
Blow bubbles with a monstrous roar like thunder,
A bull-of-Bashan sound.
The seas run high and the boats split asunder. . . .
I wonder what it feels like to be drowned?

The thin soap slips
And slithers like a shark under the ships.
My toes are on the soap dish — that's the effect
Of my huge storms; an iron steamer's wrecked!
The soap slides round and round;
He's biting the old sailors, I expect. . . .
I wonder what it feels like to be drowned?

— Robert Graves

## THE KINGS

A man said unto his angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only events of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires —

"While kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken saber
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

— Louise Imogen Guiney

---

**Line 33. sensible:** capable of being felt.

## THE WILD RIDE

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
*All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,*
*All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! But alert to the saddle,
Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With stirrup cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us;
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

---

LINE **3. importunate:** urgent. **6. stirrup cup:** a drink taken on starting a journey. **7. dolor:** grief. **morasses:** swamps.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam:
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty;
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
*All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,*
*All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.*

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

— Louise Imogen Guiney

## ETIQUETTE

The Gossips tell a story of the Sparrow and the Cat,
The Feline thin and hungry and the Bird exceeding fat.
With eager, famished energy and claws of gripping steel,
Puss pounced upon the Sparrow and prepared to make a meal.

The Sparrow never struggled when he found that he was caught
(If somewhat slow in action he was mighty quick of thought),
But chirped in simple dignity that seemed to fit the case,
"No Gentleman would ever eat before he'd washed his face!"

This hint about his Manners wounded Thomas like a knife
(For Cats are great observers of the Niceties of Life);

---

LINE **2. Feline**: cat. **10. Niceties**: elegancies.

He paused to lick his paws, which seemed the Proper
Thing to do —
And, chirruping derisively, away the Sparrow flew!

In helpless, hopeless hunger at the Sparrow on the
bough,
Poor Thomas glowered longingly, and vowed a
Solemn Vow:
"Henceforth I'll eat my dinner first, *then* wash
myself!" — and that's
The Universal Etiquette for Educated Cats.

— Arthur Guiterman

---

Line **12. derisively**: scornfully. **16. Etiquette**: rules of conduct.

## WIND-IN-THE-HAIR AND RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

Wind-in-the-hair and Rain-in-the-face
  Are friends worth the having, and yours at command;
For many's the hour and many's the place
  We've frolicked together on ocean or land.

They'll brighten the darks of your gloomiest mood!
  They'll strengthen your heart with their boisterous play,
They'll buffet your anger until it's subdued,
  They'll sport with your sorrow and whisk it away.

Don't clutch in your curls with that gasp of despair!
  A tear on the cheek is a drop out of place!
"*I'll* rumple your tresses!" roars Wind-in-the-hair.
  "Let *me* do your crying!" trills Rain-in-the-face.

No seven-league boots like a pair of old shoes,
  No wish-cloak that equals a rain-beaded coat,
To take you away from the Realm of the Blues,
  To give you the will that grips Care by the throat!

How petty our griefs under God's open sky!
How often but ghosts of a conjuring brain!
How quickly they dwindle, how lightly they fly,
When winnowed and washed by the wind and the rain!

Then, on with your shabbiest, hardiest wear!
(The kind that the womenfolk term "a disgrace!")
And swing down the highway with Wind-in-the-hair,
Or splash through the puddles with Rain-in-the-face!

— Arthur Guiterman

---

Line 20. **winnowed:** scattered.

## ODE OF DEDICATION

We will arise and go, not ignorant
Wherefore or at what price we go to sell
This bundle of bright hopes we covenant
Unto a dream. Our price is a new world!
Immortal Dream! The fettered shall be free!
Yea, not these only! *All*, who fettered lie!
O Dream, who wilt not let us bow the knee,
Let not one dragon's downfall satisfy
Our reawakened passion for free hands,
Free-ranging and unsaddled spirits, born
To race against the wind on wide seastrands
And thunder up high glens! O Silver Horn,
Calling us forth, he'p us remember, yea,
Even now help us remember, while the Snake
Sprawls yet unconquered on the world's highway
And hills and vales at his approaching shake,
Help us remember that the high crusade
Whereon we here embark calls forth the free
In hosts with spears and flaunting flags arrayed,
Not for one dragon's end, one victory,
One last great war, but to unending war
Without, within, till God's white torch, supreme,

---

LINE **3. covenant:** pledge.

Melt the last chain; and the last dungeon door
Swing slowly wide to the triumphant Dream!

God, who gavest men eyes
To see a dream;
God, who gavest men heart
To follow the Gleam;
God, who gavest men stars
To find heaven by;
God, who madest men glad
At need to die;
Lord, from the hills again
We hear thy drum!
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
Lead on! We come.

— Hermann Hagedorn

## TWO SEWING

The wind is sewing with the needles of rain;
With shining needles of rain
It stitches into the thin
Cloth of earth — in,
In, in, in;
*Oh, the wind has often sewed with me!*
*One, two, three.*

Spring must have fine things
To wear, like other springs.
Of silken green the grass must be
Embroidered. *One and two and three.*
Then every crocus must be made
So subtly as to seem afraid
Of lifting color from the ground;
And after crocuses the round
Heads of tulips, and all the fair
Intricate garb that Spring will wear.
The wind must sew with needles of rain,
With shining needles of rain

---

LINE **12. crocus:** early spring bulb. **13. subtly:** delicately. **17. Intricate:** having many windings. **garb:** dress.

Stitching into the thin
Cloth of earth — in,
In, in, in —
For all the springs of futurity.
*One, two, three.*

— Hazel Hall

---

Line **23.** **futurity:** the future.

## A JEWELED SCREEN

I shall have a gold room
  When I am a queen,
With a poppy perfume
  And a jeweled screen.

You may come and see me
  Any time you will
If you wear a green coat
  And a gold frill.

I shall keep a black slave
  Hidden in the wall
Waiting to admit you
  When you come to call.

And if you displease me
  So that I am bored,
I will have him kill you
  With a gold sword.

— Ann Hamilton

## OREAD

Whirl up, sea —
whirl your pointed pines.
Splash your great pines
on our rocks.
Hurl your green over us —
cover us with your pools of fir.

— H. D.

---

TITLE. **Oread:** mountain nymph.

## TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN

Time, you old gypsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may.
Time, you old gypsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,

---

From *Poems* by Ralph Hodgson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **7. jennet:** a small Spanish horse.

Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
You tighten your rein —
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.
Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

— Ralph Hodgson

---

Line **20. Paul's dome:** St. Paul's Cathedral in London.
**25. blind in the womb:** not yet born.

## A LITTLE BOY I KNOW

There is a little boy I know;
  He's maybe half past five;
He loves to watch the garden grow
  And see things come alive.

He lends a hand when paths are made,
  He rakes the leaves in fall;
He runs to fetch old John a spade
  Or helps Tim build a wall.

But he is still the happiest
  At planting time in spring;
John spades his plot; he does the rest,
  And marks each row with string.

Then every day he waters them,
  His precious garden seeds;
And carefully uproots each stem
  Of prying grass and weeds.

"Come, mother, see!" I hear him shout;
  And mother understands
His joy when first his beans crawl out
  And clap their fat pale hands.

— May Folwell Hoisington

## THE LENT LILY

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil,

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

— A. E. Housman

---

Line **2. brakes**: thickets of bushes or ferns. **8. Lenten**: belonging to Lent or the six weeks before Easter. **16. sally**: rush forth.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough.

# LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

— A. E. Housman

## REVEILLE

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;

---

LINE **4. rims:** edges. **14. beacon:** signal. **belfries:** bell towers. **17. thews:** sinews. **cumber:** burden. **18. pallets:** narrow beds.

Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

— A. E. Housman

---

Line **22. ware:** something to sell.

## AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle,
For, whether we're right or whether we're wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck —
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.

There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here's luck —
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for day and night
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

— Richard Hovey

## CHILD'S SONG

*But just across the furthest hill*
*I know the fairies live.*

Please, sir, take me in your carriage
And ride me home! You see,
I've been to find the fairies
And I'm tired as I can be.

I crossed the meadow and the brook
And climbed Rapalye's hill,
But when I reached the top of it
There was another still.

— Richard Hovey

## THE MOCKING BIRD

Hear! hear! hear!
Listen! the word
Of the mocking bird!
Hear! hear! hear!
I will make all clear;
I will let you know
Where the footfalls go
That through the thicket and over the hill
Allure, allure.
How the bird voice cleaves
Through the weft of leaves
With a leap and a thrill
Like the flash of a weaver's shuttle, swift and sudden and sure!
And lo, he is gone — even while I turn
The wisdom of his runes to learn.
He knows the mystery of the wood,
The secret of the solitude;
But he will not tell, he will not tell,
For all he promises so well.

— Richard Hovey

---

Line **11. weft**: a thing woven. **15. runes**: language.

## SEA GYPSY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone abroad her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

— Richard Hovey

---

Line **4. Cathay:** China; the word is now used only as a poetical term for a distant, desired country.

## ELLIS PARK

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my workday in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street,
And grass for carpet to my feet;
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.
But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,

LINE **15. jostled:** crowded.

So I find you, home returning —
Nothing lacking from your grace.
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.
Do you hear this praise of you
Little park that I pass through?

— Helen Hoyt

## INCORRIGIBLE

I guess I'm bad as I can be,
'Cause after uncle found and yanked me
Out of that old apple tree,
And after dad came home and spanked me,
And while my teacher told me things
About the narrow path of duty,
And how an education brings
The only truly joy and beauty,
And while she said she didn't doubt
They'd wasted all the good they taught me,
I had to grin, to think about
The fun I had before they caught me.

— Burges Johnson

---

Title. **Incorrigible:** bad beyond correction.

## SOMETIMES

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play —
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

— Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

## ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out and the
breath of night is sweet,
And this is the time when wanderlust should seize
upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the
starlight on my face,
And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human
dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to
roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not
to have a home:
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and
left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to
stay.

The gypsy man sleeps in his cart with canvas over-
head;
Or else he'll go into a tent when it is time for bed.

---

LINE 2. **wanderlust**: desire to wander.

He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a tollgate where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But leads at last to a golden Town where golden Houses are.

— Joyce Kilmer

Scythes that swing in the grass and never.
Something, still, they say as they pass.

## SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word, methinks, ye know —
Endless overword that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

*Hush, ah, hush*, the scythes are saying,
*Hush, and heed not, fall asleep;*
*Hush* they say to the grasses swaying;
*Hush* they sing to the clover deep!
*Hush* — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
*Hush and heed not, for all things pass;*
*Hush, ah, hush!* and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

— Andrew Lang

---

Line **3. overword:** word repeated; refrain.

## SAPLINGS

Sapling aloof
On a lonely hill,
Ascetically thin and white,
Are you an anchorite?
Have you won
In your strife
With the wind and the sun
Power to be?
Little tree
We're akin, I and you;
On a hill that faces heaven
Grow I, a sapling too.

— L. E. C.

---

LINE **3. Ascetically**: self-denyingly. **4. anchorite**: one who lives apart; hermit.

## SPIRIT WINGS

I would not walls that shut me in
Nor hills that draw too nigh,
But ocean sway, the desert way,
A vast where stars wheel by,
Wind's leap of measureless sweep
In arc of boundless sky:
Space — my spirit wings to try.

— L. E. C.

## EVENING IN ENGLAND

From its blue vase the rose of evening drops.
Upon the streams its petals float away.
The hills all blue with distance hide their tops
In the dim silence falling on the gray.
A little wind said "Hush!" and shook a spray
Heavy with May's white crop of opening bloom,
A silent bat went dipping up the gloom.

Night tells her rosary of stars full soon,
They drop from out her dark hand to her knees.
Upon a silhouette of woods the moon
Leans on one horn as if beseeching ease
From all her changes which have stirred the seas.
Across the ears of Toil Rest throws her veil,
I and a marsh bird only make a wail.

— Francis Ledwidge

---

Line 8. **rosary**: a string of prayer beads. **10. silhouette**: black outline.

## THE HOME-COMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece:
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

— Francis Ledwidge

---

Line **16. Cormorants:** greedy sea birds.

## A MOTHER'S SONG

Little ships of whitest pearl
With sailors who were ancient kings,
Come over the sea when my little girl
Sings.

And if my little girl should weep,
Little ships with torn sails
Go headlong down among the deep
Whales.

— Francis Ledwidge

God made my mother on an April day,
From sorrow and the mist along the sea.

## MY MOTHER

God made my mother on an April day,
From sorrow and the mist along the sea,
Lost birds' and wanderers' songs and ocean spray,
And the moon loved her wandering jealously.

Beside the ocean's din she combed her hair,
Singing the nocturne of the passing ships,
Before her earthly lover found her there
And kissed away the music from her lips.

She came unto the hills and saw the change
That brings the swallow and the geese in turns,
But there was not a grief she deeméd strange,
For there is that in her which always mourns.

Kind heart she has for all on hill or wave
Whose hopes grew wings like ants to fly away.
I bless the God who such a mother gave
This poor bird-hearted singer of a day.

— Francis Ledwidge

---

Line **6. nocturne:** song of the night.

## THE SHADOW PEOPLE

Old lame Bridget doesn't hear
Fairy music in the grass
When the gloaming's on the mere
And the shadow people pass:
Never hears their slow gray feet
Coming from the village street
Just beyond the parson's wall,
Where the clover globes are sweet
And the mushroom's parasol
Opens in the moonlit rain.
Every night I hear them call
From their long and merry train.
Old lame Bridget says to me,
"It is just your fancy, child."
She cannot believe I see
Laughing faces in the wild,
Hands that twinkle in the sedge
Bowing at the water's edge
Where the finny minnows quiver,
Shaping on a blue wave's ledge
Bubble foam to sail the river.

---

LINE **3. mere**: lake or pool. **17. sedge**: coarse grass growing in swamps. **19. finny**: having fins.

And the sunny hands to me
Beckon ever, beckon ever.
Oh! I would be wild and free
And with the shadow people be.

— Francis Ledwidge

## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
  On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded — War!
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
  To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

---

LINE **14. quad**: colloquial abbreviation for *quadrangle;* a four-sided court.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

— Winifred M. Letts

# THE BRONCHO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN

A little colt — broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm,
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing. . . .
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and olden
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden,
In all the wide farm place the person most human.
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting, and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,

---

From *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **1. broncho:** a small Indian pony. **2. broken:** tamed. **4. lugubrious:** melancholy, gloomy. **14. askance:** distrustfully.

With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed,
"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you, with hell in their speech and their faces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the cows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you — a pole for a lance —
And the giant mules bit at you — keeping their places,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death warrant tracing.
And the merciful men their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper, to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

— Vachel Lindsay

## SEA SHELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
  Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships, and sailor men,
  And parrots, and tropical trees,

Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea horses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

— Amy Lowell

## SUNDOWN

Lilac and green of the sky,
Brown of the broken earth,
Apple trees whitening high,
May and the summer's birth.

Voices of children and mirth
Singing of clouds that are ships,
Sure to sail into the firth
Where the sun's anchor now dips.

Here is our garden that sips
Sweets that the May bestows,
Breath of laburnum lips,
Breath of the lilac and rose.

Blossoms of blue will close
After the ships are gone,
Drinking the dew in a doze
Under the dark till the dawn.

Twilight and ships crowd on
Into the road of the west,
After the sun where he shone
Reddening down to rest.

— THOMAS MACDONAGH

LINE **7. firth:** an arm of the sea. **11. laburnum:** a tree with yellow poisonous blossoms.

Here is our garden that sips
Sweets that the May bestows.

## ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable — then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands –
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep
Thought after thought until the little cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,
And we are anchored to the Infinite!

— Edwin Markham

---

Line **10. void:** emptiness. **14. Infinite:** Unlimited (here, God).

## A CREED

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast —
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

— Edwin Markham

*Keystone View Company*

Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

# LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of Mystic Powers,
Moving — all hushed — behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;

---

LINE **1. Norn Mother:** one of the Fates in Norse mythology. **6. genial:** kindly; cheerful. **18. rectitude:** uprightness.

The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of the streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gripped the granite truth.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow.
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

---

Line **26. tolerance**: open-mindedness. **equity**: justice. **29. Matterhorn**: a high mountain in the Alps. **31. valorous**: brave.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

— Edwin Markham

---

Line **49. ridgepole**: the highest horizontal timber in a roof.

## MAN-MAKING

We all are blind until we see
  That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
  It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
  If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
  The builder also grows.

— Edwin Markham

## A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden spot,
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

— Edwin Markham

## LYRICS FROM *THE BUCCANEER*

### I

We are far from sight of the harbor lights,
  Of the seaports whence we came,
But the old sea calls and the cold wind bites,
  And our hearts are turned to flame.

And merry and rich is the goodly gear
  We'll win upon the tossing sea,
A silken gown for my dainty dear,
  And a gold doubloon for me.

It's the old, old road and the old, old quest
  Of the cutthroat sons of Cain,
South by west and a quarter west,
  And hey for the Spanish Main.

---

From *Collected Poems* by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

I. Line **8. doubloon:** a Spanish gold coin. **10. Cain:** the first murderer.

The toppling rollers at the harbor mouth.

## II

There's a seaway somewhere where all day long
  Is the hushed susurrus of the sea,
The mewing of the skuas, and the sailor's song,
  And the wind's cry calling me.

There's a haven somewhere where the quiet of the bay
  Is troubled with the shifting tide,
Where the gulls are flying, crying in the bright white spray,
  And the tan-sailed schooners ride.

## III

The toppling rollers at the harbor mouth
  Are spattering the bows with foam,
And the anchor's catted, and she's heading for the south
  With her topsails sheeted home.

And a merry measure is the dance she'll tread
  (To the clanking of the staysail's hanks)
When the guns are growling and the blood runs red,
  And the prisoners are walking of the planks.

— John Masefield

---

**II.** Line **2. susurrus :** swishing sound. **3. skuas :** sea birds.

## SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;

---

From *Collected Poems* by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **8. spume:** foam.

And all I ask is a tall ship.

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

— John Masefield

## THE TARRY BUCCANEER

I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry buccaneer.

With a sandy creek to careen in, and a pig-tailed Spanish mate,
And under my main hatches a sparkling merry freight
Of doubloons and double moidores and pieces of eight,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry buccaneer.

With a taste for Spanish wine shops and for spending my doubloons,
And a crew of swart mulattoes and black-eyed octoroons,

---

From *Collected Poems* by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE **5. careen**: to turn a ship over on its side for repairing. **7. moidores**: coins of gold. **10. mulattoes** and **octoroons**: people of mixed white and negro blood.

And a thoughtful way with mutineers of making them maroons,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry buccaneer.

With a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond-hilted sword,
And a silver whistle about my neck secured to a golden cord,
And a habit of taking captives and walking them along a board,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry buccaneer.

With a spyglass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long low rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two,
And a flag of skull and crossbones the wickedest that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry buccaneer.

— John Masefield

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

— John McCrae

---

Line 1. **Flanders fields**: a soldiers' cemetery in Belgium during the World War (1914–1918).

## LONE DOG

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls
from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff and kick
and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them
would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind, and wild stars, and hunger of the quest.

— Irene Rutherford McLeod

# THE WIND IS BLIND

The wind is blind.
The earth sees sun and moon; the height
Is watchtower to the dawn; the plain
Shines to the summer; visible light
Is scattered in the drops of rain.

The wind is blind.
The flashing billows are aware;
With open eyes the cities see;
Light leaves the ether, everywhere
Known to the homing bird and bee.

The wind is blind,
Is blind alone. How has he hurled
His ignorant lash, his aimless dart,
His eyeless rush upon the world,
Unseeing, to break his unknown heart!

The wind is blind,
And the sail traps him, and the mill
Captures him; and he cannot save
His swiftness and his desperate will
From those blind uses of the slave.

— Alice Meynell

---

Line **13. dart:** arrow.

## AFTERNOON ON A HILL

I will be the gladdest thing
  Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
  And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
  With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
  And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
  Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
  And then start down!

— Edna St. Vincent Millay

## TRAVEL

The railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay

# WORK

## A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it —
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire —
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

LINE 20. **torpid**: heavy; dull.

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan, Work the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,

---

LINE **34. goad**: a pointed stick to urge cattle on. **45. Titan**: one of a race of giants.

Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills —
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart,
Thank God for the world where none may shirk —
Thank God for the splendor of work!

— Angela Morgan

## FLAGS ON FIFTH AVENUE

Above the stately roofs, wind-lifted, high,
A lane of vivid color in the sky,
They ripple cleanly, seen of every eye.

This is your flag: none other: yours alone:
Yours then to honor: and where it is flown
By your devotion let your heart be known.

Feeble the man who dare not bow the knee
Before some symbol greater far than he —
This is no pomp and no idolatry.

Emblem of youth, and hope, and strength held true
By honor, and by wise forbearance, too —
God bless the flags along the avenue.

— CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

---

LINE **9. pomp:** idle show. **idolatry:** the worship of idols. **11. forbearance:** patience with others who differ in opinion.

## SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

I'm glad our house is a little house,
  Not too tall nor too wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
  Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,
  It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
  And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
  Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox, the courteous bees
  Are paying duty calls.

— Christopher Morley

## TO A LITTLE HOUSE

Dear little house, dear shabby street,
Dear books and beds and food to eat!
How feeble words are to express
The facets of your tenderness.

How white the sun comes through the pane!
In tinkling music drips the rain!
How burning bright the furnace glows!
What paths to shovel when it snows!

O dearly loved Long Island trains!
O well remembered joys and pains!
How near the housetops Beauty leans
Along that little street in Queens!

Let these poor rimes abide for proof
Joy dwells beneath a humble roof;
Heaven is not built of country seats
But little queer suburban streets!

— Christopher Morley

. . . and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

## SMELLS

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a funny pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye. . . .
A ship smells best of all to me!

— Christopher Morley

---

Line **15. gramarye**: enchantment, magic.

## CRADLE SONG

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fireflies
Dance through the fairy *neem;*
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night;
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

— Sarojini Naidu

---

Line **9.** ***neem:*** a tree.

## A SONG OF APRIL

April is a winsome lass,
Fickle she as sweet.
Coy her footsteps as they pass
Down the sunny street.
Trust her not although she smile,
She doth seek but to beguile.

Woo her for an hour or so,
She will tire of thee;
Sighing, bid thee pack and go
(Ah, the perfidy!),
Frown, and lo, a shower of rain!
Would that thou wert home again!

— MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE

---

LINE **6. beguile:** lure away. **10. perfidy:** treachery.

## WHAT SAY BRIGHT LEAVES OF DAY?

What say
Bright leaves of day,
By the laughing wind caressed?

"All young things
Should dance in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

What say
Sweet flowers of day,
That strive not, yet are blest?

"All young things
Should live in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

What say
At shut of day,
Two bird calls from the west?

"All young things
Should love in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

— Grace Fallow Norton

## THE BARREL ORGAN

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the city as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the city and the plain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune;
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the king of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon;

---

Line 8. **symphony**: a musical piece of many moods, written for orchestra.

And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets,
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
And there *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into — *a dance!* —

---

LINE **18. prismatic:** showing all the colors. **25. *La Traviata:*** an opera by Verdi. **27. *Il Trovatore:*** an opera by Verdi.

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!);
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!).

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume;
The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!);
And there, they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!);
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And the golden-eyed *tu-whit*, *tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

---

LINE **44. ogle:** to look at with admiring glances.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!);
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!);*
*And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland,*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!).*

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
In the city as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore*, did you dream
Of the city when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
And pulses with the sunset glow.

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
In the city as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of soft reposeful tone.
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known;
They are crammed and jammed in busses and — they're each of them alone
In the land where dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman, and her smile is very bland
In the city as the sun sinks low;

---

LINE **63. Piccadilly**: a crowded bit of London. **64. litten**: lighted. **65. *A che la morte***: a song in *Il Trovatore*.

And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to the undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the city as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute gun, the counting, and the long disheveled rout,
For the howl along the towpath and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go!

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the city as the sun sinks low;

---

Line **76. hansom**: a two-wheeled cab. **83. Isis**: the river at Cambridge.

And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smolder red
As he sees a loafer watching him and — there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

* * * * * * *

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the city as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty city! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses.
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!)

If any one should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is —
My own love, my true love
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
(*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
And buy a bunch of violets for the lady
While the sky burns blue above;

On the other side the street you'll find it shady,
(*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's the barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the city as the sun sinks glittering and slow;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete

In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the city and the plain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more the shattered foe
Has whirled into — a dance!

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!);*
*And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!).*

— Alfred Noyes

## THE CALL OF THE SPRING

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
  Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
  As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
  But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
  To the tramp of your marching feet,
All the roads are one from the day that's done,
  And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the milestones
  To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
  Is the spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
  Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
  As the flowers break out of the earth.

---

Line 4. **dazzling**: blindingly bright.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

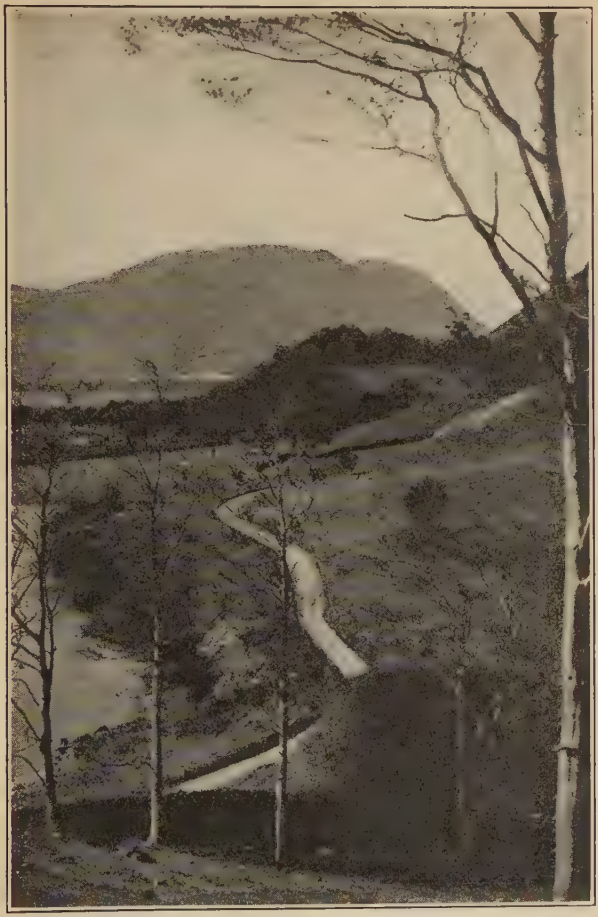
It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

---

LINE **22. cataract:** waterfall. **impearled:** jeweled with pearls.



And the road rolls on through the heart of the May.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
  There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought, you have proved
  The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the city's rout,
  Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out — a bundle and stick is all
  You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
  And your lips can carry a song;
You may have leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
  If your lips can carry a song!

*Come, choose your road and away, my lad,*
  *Come, choose your road and away!*
*We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,*
  *As it dips to the sapphire day!*
*All roads may meet at the world's end,*
  *But, hey for the heart of May!*
*Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,*
  *Come, choose your road and away.*

— Alfred Noyes

---

Line **53.** **lave**: rest, remainder.

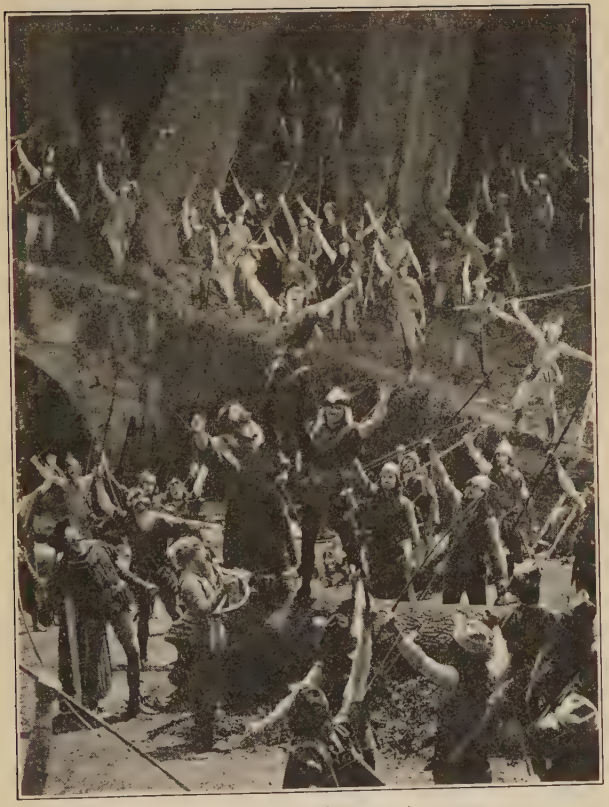
## A SONG OF SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June;
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in the mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.



Robin Hood is here again.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs;
Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs in the golden steep;
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold;
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold;
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarterstaff and drinking can and gray goose feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

---

Line **21.** **laverock** (lăv′ẽr-ŭk): lark.

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

*Robin! Robin! Robin!* All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves;
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

— Alfred Noyes

## THE SLAVE

They set the slave free, striking off his chains. . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery. . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself. . . .

They can only set free men free. . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

— James Oppenheim

---

Line **3. servility:** slavishness. **4. manacled:** hand-cuffed. **indolence:** laziness. **sloth:** idleness.

## HOW — WHEN — WHERE

It is not so much WHERE you live,
As HOW, and WHY, and WHEN you live,
That answers in the affirmative,
Or maybe in the negative,
The question — Are you fit to live?

It is not so much WHERE you live,
As HOW you live, and whether good
Flows from you through your neighborhood.

And WHY you live, and whether you
Aim high and noblest ends pursue,
And keep life brimming full and true.

And WHEN you live, and whether time
Is at its nadir or its prime,
And whether you descend or climb.

It is not so much WHERE you live,
As whether while you live you LIVE
And to the world your highest give,
And so make answer positive
That you are truly fit to live.

— JOHN OXENHAM

---

LINE **13. nadir:** lowest point.

## LOVE'S GIVING

Love gives its best,
And knows no rest.
Its highest joy
Is giving joy.
It knows no rest
Until its best
Is given.
And that is why
Love at its best
Is heaven.

— John Oxenham

## THE BUTTERFLY

I hold you at last in my hand,
  Exquisite child of the air.
Can I ever understand
  How you grew to be so fair?

You came to my linden tree
  To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
  Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
  You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
  The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
  To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me courage to trust
  I can break my chrysalis too!

— Alice Freeman Palmer

---

Line **16. chrysalis**: here, the cocoon spun by a caterpillar when it is to turn into a butterfly; really the pupa in the cocoon.

Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

## THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

The little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay:
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.

— Josephine Preston Peabody

## DUNA

When I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell,
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man,
Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away,
But I'm weary of the sea wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Dun
Call me home.

— Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

## ELF SONG

O deep, deep, deep
  Hide my heart in you!
Like an elf asleep
  In a cup of dew.

All its little woes
  Like frost away will creep,
When it wakes and knows
  Where it's been asleep.

And clear, clear, clear
  As a drop of fairy dew
An elf's voice you'll hear
  Singing in you!

— Dorothy Plowman

## THE HIGH ADVENTURE

Oh, let the days of chivalry
And knighthood come again!
Oh, let us gird our armor on
And fare us forth amain,
Till Sloth, Disease, and Ugliness —
The triple fiend — be slain.

And swift and strong and beautiful
Will our new bodies be;
Incarnate love, and clothed upon
With immortality;
Joying to live the full glad life
Of earth and sky and sea.

This quest is yours: your arms — a mind
Fearless and clear, a flame
Lighting a body which a Greek
Might not have scorned to claim;
A soul that does not know defeat;
Then venture, in Love's name.

Be no more daunted by the past,
It has usurped too long.

---

LINE 6. **triple**: threefold. **fiend**: enemy; evil spirit.

Men following men are selfish still,
Man face to God is strong.
Look forward only; trust shall be
Our spirit's sword and song.

You glorious people yet to be,
I hail you where I stand.
How you will live! The thought is like
A lance unto my hand.
Oh, come, my fellow knights! We kiss,
And scatter through the land.

— Dorothy Plowman

## PRAYER FOR A BOY

By all the beauty that I know
I pray that you shall live and grow.
By all the swiftness, joy, and power
Of wave and mountain, bird and flower:
By a heavenly place called Shotover
Where you may feel God's footsteps stir:
By meadows where tall purple grass
Wavers as the June winds pass,
And ox-eyed daisies in the sorrel
Shine like stars through a mist of coral:
By rivers where to dive is bliss
Deep and bright as a lover's kiss:
By the gray hills where you love to be,
Under a gray sky, riding free:
By all the magic of ships and streams —
Breath of adventure, lure of dreams,
The light, the cry, and the endless quest,
Voices out of the east and west,
From the northland, songs, from the southland, tales —
Sky and sea and the crowding sails. . . .

---

LINE **9. sorrel**: a common weed.

By the smell of the country after rain,
Or waft of wood smoke down a lane
At nightfall: by the sickle moon
Burning on the breast of June:
By the fluttering speed of daffodils:
By morning sunlight on the hills:
By songs and dancing — the beat of wings
When music breaks and the spirit springs:
By the artist's dream, and the craftsman's joy,
And your heart — the heart of a little boy:
By all that's brave and kind and gay:
By life and death and love I pray —
By all the beauty that I know
I pray you shall be strong and grow.

— Dorothy Plowman

## THE SONG OF THE SHIPS IN 1560

Oh, who'll come with us adventuring, adventuring?
Oh, who'll come adventuring this morning in May,
Come away in the *Ark Royal*, the ship of Queen Elizabeth,
To put a girdle round the world in a year and a day?

Now pack up your baggage, say farewell to your trueloves,
Leave workshop and office stool, leave dog, plow, and gun;
And come with us adventuring, round the islands and the continents,
Where sapphires and emeralds lie and wink in the sun.

Oh, the nights of black and silver, and the gold days full of laughter
And great sliding billows with flying caps of foam:
Oh, the shine, and the swaying, and the creaking of the cordage,
And the voices of the sailors singing songs about home.

---

LINE **11. cordage:** ropes and rigging.

*Ewing Galloway*

There are coral reefs and palm trees.

There's silk and gold in Cadiz, and red wine at Malaga;
Santa Lucia and Margarita have great pearls in store;
There are coral reefs and palm trees, and lying far away to northward
Are the gates of the world, and the green bergs of Labrador.

And some will go eastward, and some will go westward,
And some to the south, with streaming pennants and flaming sails,
And some will come home again on the tide up the river,
With holds stuffed with merchandise and heads full of tales.

The wind's in the rigging and the hawsers are straining,
Wild birds from the sea are crying round our spars,
And we thirst for the wash of the salt waves on our timbers,
For new quays, and old roadsteads, and the far lights of harbor bars.

---

Line **20. holds**: places in ships where cargo is kept. **21. hawsers**: thick ropes.

Then *who'll* come with us — adventuring, adventuring?

Who's a-tingle with longing this morning in May
To slip cable and away in the ships of Queen Elizabeth,
To put a girdle round the world in a year and a day?

— Dorothy Plowman

## STOLEN AWAY

Gold as the gorse bloom
  And rosy as the may
Was my young darling
  The fairies stole away.

She peeped from her window
  Before the sun was up,
And saw a thirsty traveler
  Drinking from a cup.

She stole down the stairway
  To meet the summer morn,
And heard a strange huntsman
  Blowing on his horn.

She ran to the greenwood
  To hear the thrushes sing —
And met a white maiden
  With a rare gold ring.

The white maid kissed her
  Beneath the forest tree,
And my young darling
  Was stol'n away from me.

---

LINE **1. gorse**: a shrub with yellow flowers.

The wind in the fir tree
  Went crying shrill and loud,
The thrush stopped singing,
  The sun was in a cloud.

The gold gorse darkened
  And scattered in the rain:
The kissed and the kisser
  Were never seen again.

And now the sun's shining,
  The birds sing now,
The blackthorn blossom's
  A glimmer on the bough.

But I go seeking —
  For what I dinna know,
My heart is stone,
  And my head sings so. . . .

"O brave as the blackthorn
  And bonny as the may
Was my young darling
  The fairies stole away."

— Dorothy Plowman

The whole of April in a tuft of grass.

## DAFFODILS

Fathered by March, the daffodils are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass,
Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet!
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

— Lizette Woodworth Reese

---

Line **11. palings:** fence of narrow boards.

# A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

Glad that I live am I,
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

— Lizette Woodworth Reese

## COMPENSATION

What if I've lost money,
And with money love?
I found a wild violet,
Growing to-day in the grove.

So my heart is richer
Than with love or gold,
For a flower is a miracle
Of wealth untold.

— Cale Young Rice

## SLEEPLESS

I can't go to sleep for the calm of the sea,
For shores that melt to the sky,
For the moon in the masts and shrouds that climb
To the crossyards vague and high.
I can't go to sleep for the thoughtless stars
That tangle themselves in the stays,
For headland lights, which lonely wights
Watch through the long lone-passing nights,
While ships like the ship that bears me pass
Far out on the blind seaways.

I can't go to sleep for the wind's soft touch,
That through me seems to grope;
For the foam-white wake that wanes behind,
Like a memory of hope.
I can't go to sleep for the phosphor-wash
That swerves away from the bow,
For awe of the mystic mastery
That compass needle has of the sea,
As it points with a strange predestiny
To the Pole's faith-keeping vow.

— Cale Young Rice

---

Line **7. wights:** human beings. **15. phosphor-wash:** shining water. **19. predestiny:** purpose fixed beforehand.

## THE SCARLET TANAGER

As I sat in my somber garden
One afternoon in spring,
There came a burst of color
And a flash of gorgeous wing.

A burst of vivid color,
A tiny, vital whir —
And on my lawn descended
A scarlet tanager.

Then, in a singing instant,
The earth seemed born anew;
The pale green grass grew greener,
The dim blue sky more blue.

The tulips filled and deepened,
The hyacinths took heart,
The cherry buds broke open,
The roses gave a start.

Till, lo! my somber garden
Awoke and lifted there
A flaming torch of beauty
Into the April air!

— H. Thompson Rich

# THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then —
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared
To *wake* up — when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring!
Mother she'd raised the winder some,
And in acrost the orchurd come,
Soft as a angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet fer anything!

The winter's shroud was rent a-part —
The sun bust forth in glee —
And when that *bluebird* sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

— James Whitcomb Riley

---

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Line **14.** **shroud:** a garment which conceals. **rent:** torn.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the
fence;
Oh, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of
peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to
feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

They's something kind o' hartylike about the at-
musfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin'
fall is here —
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on
the trees,

From the Biographical Edition of *The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley,* copyrighted 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock —
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries — kind o' lonesomelike but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below — the clover overhead!
Oh, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps

Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple butter, and theyr souse and saussage too! . . .
I don't know how to tell it — but if sich a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me —
I'd want to 'commodate 'em — all the whole indurin' flock —
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

— James Whitcomb Riley

## WINDOWS

I looked through others' windows
On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window —
Solitude and dearth.

And yet there is a mystery
I cannot understand —
That others through my window
See an enchanted land.

— Jessie B. Rittenhouse

## THE HENS

The night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church,
And all the hens were on their perch

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around;
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

— Elizabeth Madox Roberts

## THE RABBIT

When they said the time to hide was mine,
I hid back under a thick grapevine.

And while I was still for the time to pass,
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

He hopped his way through the melon bed
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

I sat down close where I could see,
And his big still eyes looked hard at me,

His big eyes bursting out of the rim,
And I looked back very hard at him.

— Elizabeth Madox Roberts

## STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND

Stretch out your hand and take the world's wide
gift
Of joy and beauty. Open wide your soul
Down to its utmost depths, and bare the whole
To earth's prophetic dower of clouds that lift
Their clinging shadows from the sunlight's rift,
The sapphire symphony of seas that roll
Full-breasted auguries from deep to shoal,
Borne from dim caverns on the salt spray's drift.
Open the windows of your wondering heart
To God's supreme creation; make it yours,
And give to other hearts your ample store;
For when the whole of you is but a part
Of joyous beauty such as e'er endures,
Only by giving can you gain the more!

— Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

---

Line 7. **auguries:** signs; omens.

## THE FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

— Carl Sandburg

---

Line 5. **haunches**: parts of the legs around the hip joints.

## PRAYERS OF STEEL

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls;
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

— Carl Sandburg

## PLOWMAN AND POET

I see the plowman draw his stubborn pen
Forward and back beneath the crumbling west,
Writing his vivid verses once again
Upon the patient earth's green palimpsest.

The skies befriend him and his furrows rime
With April rain, with dews of summer morn:
The world is waiting while his rhythms climb
Triumphant toward the epic of the corn.

I plow a field where I alone shall reap;
No man awaits my ghostly harvestings,
Or knows the hidden acres full of sleep
Wherein my solitary sickle swings.

And yet we serve alike, when all is said,
Two equal needs . . . for beauty and for bread.

— Odell Shepard

---

Line 4. **palimpsest**: a manuscript on which writing has been rubbed out to make room for other writing. 8. **epic**: a heroic poem.

## A PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find,
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends!

— Frank Dempster Sherman

## BAREBACK

The winds ride bareback,
Swinging lassos.

Their reins hang loose,
Their knees cling tight.

The trees bend down
Behind, rides the rain.

— William H. Simpson

---

Line **2. lassos**: coils of rope used by cowboys in catching cattle.

## MERCHANTMEN

All honor be to merchantmen
And ships of all degree,
In warlike dangers manifold
Who sail and keep the sea —
In peril of unlitten coast
And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A hard-run tramp from anywhere — a tug from Merseyside —
A cattle boat from Birkenhead — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honor be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

All honor be to merchantmen,
And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race,
And smite their foes withal,

The little ships that sink or swim,
And pay the pirate's toll,
Unarmored save by valiant hearts
And strong in nought but soul.

All honor be to merchantmen
So long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious dead
From rise to set of sun —
All honor be to merchantmen,
While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A schooner from the West countrie — a tug from Merseyside —
A fishing smack from Grimsby town — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honor be to merchantmen while sun and moon do shine!

— Cicely Fox Smith

*Ewing Galloway*

I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down.

# TRAVELER'S REST

When you are tired of the long road and the open sky,
I wish it may be my door that you're passing by:
I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down
And tell your tales of the land and sea and the strange far town.

Oh, come you in from eastward or come you from the west,
Here's good cheer to greet you and welcome of the best:
Oh, come you with your pockets full or come you home poor,
Here's a place by the fireside and an open door.

You'll tell me where you were since, and the things you've seen
Up and down the wide world where so long you've been —
All the time that I've been here and you far away —
And then awhile be silent, as good friends may.

And then awhile listen to the wind and rain,
Moaning in the chimney breast, beating at the pane —
Dark and cold outside there, and the stormy skies,
And you sitting down here with the firelight in your eyes.

— Cicely Fox Smith

## THE TREE-TOP ROAD

Beyond the little window
  Of my dull House of Care
One road is always beckoning
  When days are gray and bare:
And then I leave the dusty street
  The struggle and the load —
I pin my wings upon my feet
  And take the Tree-top Road!

Life's sweetest joys are hidden
  In unsubstantial things;
An April rain, a fragrance,
  A vision of blue wings:
And what are memory and hope
  But dreams? And yet the bread
On which these little lives of ours
  Are fed and comforted!

Without imagination
  The soul becomes a clod,
Missing the trail of beauty,
  Losing the way to God.

And I have built a templed stair
  Out of a lilac bloom
And climbed to heaven with purple pomp
  And censers of perfume!

Philosophers and sages
  Seeking to find out God
With puzzling chart and compass
  And strange divining rod,
I think He must come down to see
  His orchards bloom in May —
O souls of ours, put on your wings
  And try the Tree-top Way!

I have no feud with Labor,
  But at the Gates of June
I fling away my dusty pack
  And join in Youth's glad tune.
And just forgetting for awhile
  That I am worn and gray,
Go sailing off with Peter Pan
  Along the Tree-top Way!

— May Riley Smith

---

Line **24. censers:** vessels for holding incense while it burns fragrantly. **25. sages:** men of great wisdom. **28. divining rod:** a forked twig supposed to bend down where there is water.

## BEAUTY'S HAUNTS

The clouds sail
In the opal sky.
They drift by
On feathered wings,
Making no motion.

The shadows
Ripple and dance.
They advance
On sun-flecked floors
Of quivering grass.

Here sits Beauty
On a mossy stone,
All alone,
Dipping fairy feet
In singing water.

— Sophie Solow

## HERITAGE

(From *Subterraneana*)

Hark to the wind voice
That urges man forward,
Hark to the meteor
Hurtling through space.

Faster and faster,
And evermore faster,
Rival the lightning!
Be swifter than thunder!
Speed like the earth,
In swift-moving spirals.

Faster than walking,
Faster than running,
Move on the earth,
In fast-moving chariots!
Snorting and racing,
Tooting and chasing,
Speed on the rails
With a rumble of thunder.

Speed on the earth,
And speed on the water,

Over and under,
Be swifter than motion.
Sons of the earth,
You have got from your mother,
All the impatience
That urges you onward.

— Sophie Solow

## A B C'S IN GREEN

The trees are God's great alphabet:
With them He writes in shining green
Across the world His thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky
With a gay, leafy lettering,
For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,
And every star and bird
Repeats in dutiful delight His word,
And every blade of grass
Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
I stand at summer's knees,
And from the primer of the wood
I spell that life and love are good,
I learn to read.

— Leonora Speyer

## ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:
*Here he lies where he longed to be:*
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

— Robert Louis Stevenson

## VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love;
Let the lave go by me;
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river —
There's the life for a man like me.
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late;
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.

---

LINE **2. lave:** remainder.

White as meal the frosty field —
  Warm the fireside haven —
Not to autumn will I yield,
  Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late;
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
  And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
  And the road below me.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

## HAYSTACK

This haystack is the softest mound
To dream against —
With, underneath, the warm, warm ground.

Here dreams are born, and open wide,
And droop as sweet
As poppies that have sleep inside.

Here even little crawling things
Have come to rest,
Have come to dream, and try their wings.

— Marion Strobel

## PASTORAL

This is a place of ease:
Beauty has come to rest,
Color is gentle in the trees,
The willow leaves look
Timidly down, more timidly back from the brook.

Beauty has come to rest:
Sweet as a sleepy-bell
The breeze swings within the close-pressed
Shadows, and the sun
Falls in little sprays, to be picked by any one!

— Marion Strobel

## A BUNCH OF ROSES

The rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother
Until about a month ago
Had never met each other;
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Halfway with rosy fingers meet,
To kiss and play together.

— JOHN B. TABB

## THE BUTTERFLY

Leafless, stemless, floating flower,
From a rainbow's scattered bower,
Like a bubble of the air
Blown by fairies, tell me where
Seed or scion I may find
Bearing blossoms of thy kind.

— JOHN B. TABB

---

LINE 5. **scion**: a short branch of a tree or plant for grafting; a young member of a family.

## FERN SONG

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

—JOHN B. TABB

LINE **4.** **vesture**: clothing. **10.** **fronds**: blades of the fern.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee."

## THE TAX-GATHERER

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

— JOHN B. TABB

---

LINE 7. **publican:** one who collected taxes (Roman).

# THE COIN

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin —
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

— SARA TEASDALE

---

From *Flame and Shadow* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LINE 4. **purloin:** steal.

## THOUGHTS

When I can make my thoughts come forth
  To walk like ladies up and down,
Each one puts on before the glass
  Her most becoming hat and gown.

But oh, the shy and eager thoughts
  That hide and will not get them dressed,
Why is it that they always seem
  So much more lovely than the rest?

— SARA TEASDALE

---

From *Rivers to the Sea* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

## MAY DAY

The shining line of motors,
  The swaying motor bus,
The prancing dancing horses
  Are passing by for us.

The sunlight on the steeple,
  The toys we stop to see,
The smiling passing people
  Are all for you and me.

"I love you and I love you!"
  "And oh, I love you, too!"
"All of the flower girl's lilies
  Were only grown for you!"

Fifth Avenue and April
  And love and lack of care —
The world is mad with music
  Too beautiful to bear.

— Sara Teasdale

---

From *Rivers to the Sea* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

## LOVE AND THE CHILD

"Why do you so clasp me,
  And draw me to your knee?
  Forsooth, you do but chafe me,
I pray you let me be:
I will be loved but now and then
  When it liketh me!"

So I heard a young child,
  A thwart child, a young child
Rebellious against love's arms,
  Make its peevish cry.

To the tender God I turn:
  "Pardon, Love most high!
For I think those arms were even Thine
  And that child was even I."

— Francis Thompson

---

Line **8. thwart:** spoiled and cross.

# GOING UP TO LONDON

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say —
Going up to London
In such a casual way!
He turned the magic phrase
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
Shall take to London town.

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.

---

LINE **17. broom:** a shrub with yellow flowers.

And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;
Count them on my finger tips
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome
And a roof of gold,
And a latticed window high
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool —
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward,
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge —

LINE **26. Pied:** spotted.

London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footmen falling back a space —
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the king!
If I met the king himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes traveling up
So light to London town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng
(Traveling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),
I'll hurry fast to London gate,
(The way was long, and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song —
Some old rime of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,

LINE **51. comely:** pleasant.

Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
*Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream*
*And waked and found it true!*

Sing, you rimes, and ring, you chimes
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!

— Nancy Byrd Turner

---

**82. Bow:** a church near the center of London.

## THE LITTLE RED LARK

The little red lark is shaking his wings,
Straight from the breast of his love he springs;
Listen the lilt of the song he sings,
All in the morning early, O.

The sea is rocking a cradle, hark!
To a hushing song, and the fields are dark.
And would I were there with the little red lark,
All in the morning early, O.

The beard of barley is old man's gray,
All green and silver the new-mown hay.
The dew from his wings he has shaken away,
All in the morning early, O.

The little red lark is high in the sky;
No eagle soars where the lark may fly;
Where are you going to, high, so high?
All in the morning early, O.

His wings and feathers are sunrise red;
He hails the sun and his golden head;
"Good morrow, sun, you are long abed,"
All in the morning early, O.

I would I were where the little red lark,
Up in the dawn like a rose-red spark,
Sheds the day on the fields so dark,
All in the morning early, O.

— Katharine Tynan

## GLIMPSE IN AUTUMN

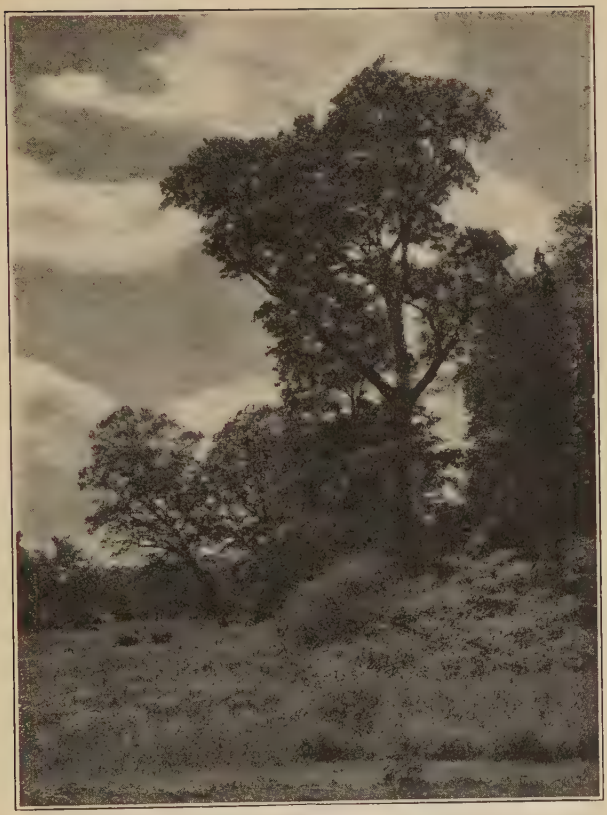
Ladies at a ball
  Are not so fine as these
  Richly brocaded trees
That decorate the fall.

They stand against a wall
  Of crisp October sky,
  Their plumèd heads held high,
Like ladies at a ball.

— Jean Starr Untermeyer

---

Line **3. brocaded:** embroidered all over with raised designs.



Their plumèd heads held high,
Like ladies at a ball.

## CLAY HILLS

It is easy to mold the yielding clay,
And many shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie shattered and forgotten in a dingy corner.

But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock. . . .
I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life,
And make one strong thing,
And set it in a high, clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my desire.

— Jean Starr Untermeyer

---

Line **3. facile:** skillful.

## A MILE WITH ME

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
  Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
  Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
  Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day —
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
  Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, and winter rain,
And then? — Farewell, we shall meet again!

— Henry van Dyke

---

Line **12.** **lea**: a meadow.

## WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

— Henry van Dyke

## FIRST VOYAGE

Ship, ship, go straight as an arrow out
Into clearness, straight as a mew flying south;
Wing like a mew in the sun, lift like a shout,
Lift like a quick word out of a lover's mouth.

Who knows what ports wait your spars, your rigging and sails,
What harbors and what lotus isles of nightingales,
What aqueous pools of spouting and marvelous whales?

Go like a bird, a bird, tired of land,
Of trees in a lull of cool green and the peace
Of glens where twigs crackle. Dunes and the push of sand.
Breast-deep in water go, breast-deep to Greece.

— HAROLD VINAL

---

LINE **2. mew:** sea gull. **7. aqueous:** watery.

## TEN YEARS OLD

His mother tells him stories; he has heard
Of brave highwaymen and of pirates bold,
How Bluebeard's many wives were massacred,
And how King Arthur ruled his knights of old.
Robinson Crusoe's shipwreck haunts his dreams;
The thieves of Bagdad and their glittering town
Fill him with awe; he, too, is full of schemes
That flash with swords and plot against a crown.

He has a magic carpet of his own,
A genie of the lamp who comes at call,
A password and a talisman unknown
To us, who have learned the folly of it all.
His treasure is more dear than buried gold —
The wonderment of being ten years old.

— Harold Vinal

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Line **10. genie:** a spirit in the form of animal or giant.

## APRIL

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

— William Watson

## SCHOOL

His seat was by a window. So he dreamed.
How could he study while the sunlight gleamed
In small, sweet shapes, like wild things tame enough
To dart to him and touch his hands for love?
While there were profiles carved in every cloud
To mark as grim or ludicrous or proud,
And agile shadowings to writhe and crawl
Like ghostly spiders up and down the wall,
He could not help but turn their way to look.
His eyes, that would not follow down his book
The muddy trudgings of deliberate words,
Reflected blue and silver flights of birds.
You would not think there was so much to trace
Of wonderment on just a window space.
But once, when a frail scrap of paper moon
Enchanted him from ten o'clock till noon,
They moved him to the middle of the room.
He learned his lesson then for very gloom,
Until came glowing to a near-by chair
A little girl with sunset in her hair.
His soul recolored. The forlorn dreams came
To warm themselves once more at this new flame.

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LINE **6. ludicrous:** ridiculous.

He pushed aside the dusty Greek. He had
A different way to read the *Iliad*.
While through cold ashes others groped to learn,
He lit the towers of Troy and saw them burn.

— Winifred Welles

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Line **24.** ***Iliad:*** a Greek story of the fall of Troy.

## LOVE AND LIBERATION

Lift your arms to the stars
And give an immortal shout;
Not all the veils of darkness
Can put your beauty out!

You are armed with love, with love,
Nor all the powers of fate
Can touch you with a spear,
Nor all the hands of hate.

What of good and evil,
Hell and heaven above —
Trample them with love!
Ride over them with love!

— John Hall Wheelock

## RETURN TO NEW YORK

Far and free o'er the lifting sea, the lapsing wastes
and the waves that roam,
Hour by hour with sleepless power the keel has
furrowed the soft, sad foam;
Slowly now, with steadier prow, she steals through
the dim gray fog banks home.

Faint and far from across the bar the first lines born
of the cloudy day,
From a whistle and horn in the twilit morn low
murmurs are wafted across the bay.
The fleet, sweet swing of the sea bird's wing beats
down the darkness and dies away.

Dawn — and lo, as the drifted snow that melts
from the sun on a mountain height,
As the veils from a bride that fall and divide, the
fog veils sunder and leave in sight,
Like Venice, dim on the water's rim, the city, my
mother, bared and bright.

*Publishers' Photo Service*

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered summits show faint and fair.

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered
summits show faint and fair:
Mother, mother, to thee and none other the heart
cries out in the morning there!
Solemnly, slowly, the white mists wholly fade, and
the whole, sweet form lies bare.

Hail, all hail, with the dawn for veil, the sea for
throne, and the stars for crown!
Mother, thy son, his journeying done, triumphantly
here at thine heart bows down;
Love that sings on the sea wind's wings runs on to
greet thee his very own!

— John Hall Wheelock

## THE WATCHER

She always leaned to watch for us,
  Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
  In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
  Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
  Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
  She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
  She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
  Anxious if we are late —
Watching from heaven's window,
  Leaning from heaven's gate.

— Margaret Widdemer

## IF LOVE WERE MINE

If love were mine, if love were mine,
I know what I would do,
I'd take it, spare it,
Give it, share it,
Lend it, spend it, too.

If beauty I could claim for mine,
To hold, to cherish, too,
I'd strive to spread it,
Pour it, shed it,
Till it flowed the whole world through.

But toil — just common toil — is mine;
And so what I shall do
Is strive to take it,
Carve it, make it,
Into love and beauty, too.

— Annette Wynne

## THE LEAVES DO NOT MIND AT ALL

The leaves do not mind at all
That they must fall.
When summertime has gone,
It is pleasant to put on
A traveling coat of brown and gray
And fly away,
Past the barn and past the school,
Past the noisy little pool
It used to hear but could not see.
Oh, it is joy to be
A leaf — and free!
To be swiftly on the wing
Like a bird adventuring.
And then, tired out, to creep
Under some friendly rail and go to sleep;
The leaves do not mind at all
That they must fall.

— Annette Wynne

## O LITTLE ROAD

O little road, where do you go?
I saw you start a while below,
And then you climbed the woody hill;
It almost seemed you'd reach the sky,
While down below, so patient, I
Am standing, waiting for you still.

Will you sometime turn round and then
Hurry back to home again?
Or will you always want to stray
To richer lands far, far away —
And never once look back to see
This little house and waiting me?

— Annette Wynne

## THIS IS GOD'S DAY

This is God's day that he lent to me
That I may use for good or ill;
Fair and fresh as a day can be
This is God's day that he lent to me.
He took a wave from eternity's sea —
Fashioned a day all blemish-free;
This is God's day that he lent to me,
That I may use for good or ill.

— Annette Wynne

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Line 6. **blemish**: fault.

# APPENDIX

# THE STUDY OF POETRY

Most people enjoy poetry. They have always enjoyed it, from the time of David's songs down to the present time. There is something in poetry which appeals to the best in us — which calls forth beautiful thoughts as a mirror reflects an image. Joy and relaxation come through the reading of good poetry. Perhaps you have not yet developed an appreciation for it, but through contact with the lyrics of this collection, you may discover an open door to a world of enjoyment hitherto unknown to you.

To get the fullest enjoyment from poetry, we must understand it. To understand it, we must acquire a knowledge of its principles. But before we study its principles, it will be helpful to know something concerning the important divisions of poetry. For example, if we are to study *lyric* poetry, we must understand what *lyrics* are. Shakespeare's plays are in poetic form, yet they are not lyrics; Longfellow's poems in *Tales of a Wayside Inn* have all the characteristics of poetry; yet they have little else in common with the poems of this collection.

## CLASSIFICATION

A poem such as *Paul Revere's Ride* in *Tales of a Wayside Inn* tells a story with no indication whatever of

the poet's personal feelings. Such a poem is purely *narrative*. The story, not the story-teller, is first in importance in narrative poetry.

*Dramatic* poetry includes both tragedy and comedy, monologues and dialogues — everything which is written in verse for presentation on the stage. Shakespeare's plays are the finest type of dramatic poetry.

*Lyric* poetry is so named because at first it was sung to the *lyre*, a stringed instrument somewhat like a harp. A lyric must be musical, although not necessarily set to music. Besides having this singing quality, it must express the *personal feeling* of the poet. He may be writing in a mood of sadness, of joy, of tranquillity, or of passion. Whatever his feeling, it will be apparent in his poetical expression.

We must judge a lyric's worth by measuring it according to certain accepted standards. No matter whether a lyric is sad or gay, written in a quiet mood or in an elated one, it must be *sincere*. It must have come into being because of some deep emotion within the poet's heart. He cannot pretend feeling where there is none, nor hide insincerity by elaborate wording. A lyric must express a *feeling which all people may experience*, not one peculiar to the poet alone. What he says must be *concise*. Long detailed descriptions have no place in a lyric; they take from the strength of the feeling expressed.

Although poetry may, generally speaking, be divided into these three large classes — narrative, dramatic, and lyric — the classes are not entirely separate from one another. For example, many dramas of Shake-

speare contain within them bits of lyric poetry. Subdivisions within these classes are frequently made. Epic poetry is a form of narrative; the sonnet is a form of lyric poetry; and the monologue is a form of dramatic poetry.

### FORM

When you were little children, you learned the old nursery rime,

> Mary had a little lamb;
> Its fleece was white as snow;
> And everywhere that Mary went,
> The lamb was sure to go.

If some one had asked you several years ago if this was poetry, you would probably have said "Yes" without the slightest hesitation. Yet, now most of you would hesitate. Why is this? What does this stanza contain that belongs to poetry? What does it lack that poetry must have? Let us consider the first question. This stanza has rime; that is, the last word of the second line and the last word of the fourth line have the same sound — long *o*. This is true rime. In every rime we have the same vowel sound with different consonant sounds before it. Everything after this vowel sound must also be the same in the two words which are to rime. Thus *mate* and *date* make a true rime, but *mate* and *dame* do not. Most poetry that was written before the twentieth century and much of that which has been written since have rime. But you will see from poems in this book, such as *The Fog*, by Carl Sandburg (page 222), that true poetry may be written without any rime at all.

If, however, poetry has no rime, it usually has something which we call rhythm or "swing." When the stanza quoted above is read, it can be marked thus:

Ma ry had a lit tle lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And ev erywhere that Ma ry went,
The lamb was sure to go.

These accents belong to the words as they would be spoken anywhere, at any time. It would be very bad poetry indeed, if we were forced to read "Ma ry" or "lit tle."

Rhythm, however, is not just a matter of accents. The rise and fall of the feeling determine the rise and fall of the words. A poem that is meditative and thoughtful, as *Home-Bound* by Joseph Auslander (page 6),

> The moon rims the wavering tide where one fish slips,
> The water makes a quietness of sound,
> Night is an anchoring of many ships
> Home-bound,

will move very slowly, while in a poem like *A Vagabond Song* by Bliss Carman (page 27), you will find that the words move along swiftly and joyously with the thought:

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;

And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

This is, after all, the essence of rhythm, that the words express the thought and feeling of the poem just as closely as a glove would fit your hand.

Now you must realize that your thoughts and your feelings very rarely follow one another in perfect regularity. You are sad one minute, happy the next. At one moment your thoughts come with difficulty; at another moment, when you are more interested, your thoughts tumble over one another, they come so fast. So it is with true poetry. Now the stanza about Mary and her lamb moves very evenly. It never slows up, it never hurries. In so far, it fails to be a true expression of feeling and fails, likewise, to be true poetry. How else does it fail? A true poem, while it may have rime and rhythm, *must* also have, if it is to be poetry and not just verse, beauty of word. It will not do, in a poem, to use any word. A poet must use the word that not only expresses his thought, but expresses it, at the same time, in the most beautiful way — a word that is in itself beautiful. In the stanza quoted at the beginning of this section, the words are everyday words, with everyday meanings. When we read it, we get no thrill. We do not look up from this to say to ourselves, "How beautiful that is!" Read again, now, *A Vagabond Song*. Notice how beautiful the words themselves are. Take, for instance, the line,

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.

Can you not see, when you have read this line, the wonderful scarlet of the maples in the woods, with every color so vivid that it almost calls out to you like a voice? And would not that voice be a voice of triumph? Because the sound of the bugle also thrills us with this feeling of triumph and challenge, Carman compares the call of the vivid scarlet to the call of the bugle. Now you see that behind this line there is much more than the words themselves. There are pictures. The maples, the bugles, the vividness of color, the thrill of seeing it! Yet you get all this by means of the words that the poet chose carefully because he wished you to receive just these exact impressions.

In the next section, we shall see that a poem must have something more than the qualities we have spoken of here. At least we know now that while a poem may or may not have rime, it must have rhythm or swing and words that are beautiful in themselves, that make us think of and feel beautiful things.

### METER

In composing a poem, a poet may choose to use rime, or he may choose to use unrimed lines. He must, however, use rhythm or something that corresponds to it. The rhythm or swing varies with the mood of the poem. Within the line, this rhythm depends upon the beat of the accents. In prose the beat is usually irregular, so irregular that we are unconscious of any recurrence of beat, and read only for sense. Yet great prose has its own decided rhythm. In poetry this rhythm has a regular rise and fall varying with the pattern of the line.

Let us look at the following sentence:

I saw that the wind had beaten to the mud the tall l lue del-phinium from which the humming bird drank yesterday.

If one marks the beats, the result is as follows:

˘—|˘˘—|—˘˘˘—|˘— —|˘—˘˘|˘—|˘—|˘— —|˘—

This, as you see, has no perceptible pattern.

One may also write this as follows:

The heavy wind had beaten to the ground
The tall bluc larkspur that the ruby-throat
Had drained of honey only yesterday.

Now the beats are as follows:

˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—
˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—
˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—|˘—

In this verse pattern the lines are composed of alternating light and heavy syllables with the heavy beat following the light beat. The light and heavy beats make a *foot*, and a foot like this is called *iambic*. Since the line contains five feet, it is called *pentameter* (penta = five).

Now examine these lines rearranged in another form.

Larkspur tall and proudly blooming
Gave the humming bird her honey;
Now the wind has beaten, dragged her
Down upon the muddy pathway.

The beat of the verse is now reversed.

—˘|—˘|—˘|—˘
—˘|—˘|—˘|—˘
—˘|—˘|—˘|—˘
—˘|—˘|—˘|—˘

The heavy beat now precedes the light beat. This foot is called *trochaic*. This line contains four feet and is known as *tetrameter* (tetra = four).

Let us change the lines again.

Now the delphinium,
Yesterday blossoming,
Giving the ruby-throat
Nectar and honey,
Rain-beaten, wind-beaten,
Lies on the garden path.

The beat of the line is now:

—⏑⏑|—⏑⏑
—⏑⏑|—⏑⏑
—⏑⏑|—⏑⏑
—⏑⏑|—⏑
—⏑⏑|—⏑⏑
—⏑⏑|—⏑⏑

This is known as the *dactyllic* foot or the dactyl. The heavy beat precedes two light beats. This line which has but two feet is called *dimeter*. In its pure form it is used only in extremely brief poems, but can be lengthened to make *tetrameter*.

Once more we shall vary these lines.

And the tall blue delphinium swayed
All the day on her slender stem,
But to-day by the wind beaten down
She lies draggled and spent on the path.

The pattern of the line is now as follows:

⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—
⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—|⏑—
⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—
⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—|⏑⏑—

In this pattern you see that two light beats are followed by a heavy beat. This foot is called *anapest.* This line which contains three feet is called *trimeter.*

These are the forms of foot and line most commonly used in English verse. No poet ever uses one pattern exclusively for more than a few lines. It would soon become unbearably monotonous to the reader as would any unvaried music. For this reason, you will find a trochaic foot in an iambic line to give variation. To a beginner this is puzzling. The best way to discover the pattern is to read several lines and to notice the prevailing rhythm.

Some modern poetry has carried this principle of variation so far that it discards any set meter or rhythm and depends for the swing upon the change of thought, upon the natural cadence or fall of the words, and upon the exact imagery.

The lines we have been using were originally written in this modern way that is known as free verse, and read as follows:

Ah, blue delphinium!
What has happened to you?
Did the wind beat you down?
Yesterday you rose tall, slender, straight,
Holding yourself erect like a tall spire.
Your deep blue blossoms climbed about your stem
Like lavender-shadowed steps of some old shrine.
Your bells rang gaily for the ruby-throat.
Now you lie on the path bedraggled,
And your delicate blue blossoms gaze appealingly
From the mud of the trodden path.

A modern poet tries to say exactly what he means and to employ a technique which will appeal to the reader's emotions rather than to his intellect. In any poetry the form is the result of the thought and the feeling of the poem. You may know all the meters and not be able to write a line of poetry; but if a truly great thought or emotion fills you and possesses you, it will want to sing itself.

### STRUCTURE

Poets have other ways of making their lines beautiful beyond the use of rime and rhythm, and the choice of words for meaning and feeling and beauty. Sometimes, poets use what we call figures of speech. Read the following selection from the second of the lyrics from *The Buccaneer* (page 157):

> There's a seaway somewhere where all day long
> Is the hushed susurrus of the sea,
> The mewing of the skuas, and the sailor's song,
> And the wind's cry calling me.

See how Masefield here repeats the *s* sound until you can actually hear the wash of the waves. This repetition of a consonant sound at the beginning of words or syllables is called *alliteration*. Sometimes a skillful poet will repeat the sound but will not keep it always at the beginning of the word. In *Gypsy-Heart* (page 9), Katharine Lee Bates writes, "Take the blithe adventure of the fugitive to-day." Here, although we find the sound of *t* four times in the line, only twice is it at the beginning of a word.

Another device much used by poets is a comparison expressed by the word *like* or *as*. This is called a *simile*. In *Daffodils* (page 209), by Lizette Woodworth Reese, the last line compares the daffodils that are here such a short time with music that is heard and then is gone:

> Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet!
> Gone *like* a snatch of song upon the stair.

You will find other similes in *Morning-Glories* (page 28) and in *A Yellow Pansy* (page 40).

Metaphor is also comparison, but the comparison is not expressed by means of *like* or *as*. A poet says, "April is a winsome lass" (page 175), or this from *Beauty's Haunts* (page 232):

> Here sits Beauty
> On a mossy stone,
> All alone,
> Dipping fairy feet
> In singing water.

Poets often use personification also. They speak of some object, or to it, as though it were alive and could feel and respond. You will see this clearly in *April* (page 262):

> April, April,
> Laugh thy girlish laughter;
> Then, the moment after,
> Weep thy girlish tears!

Besides these, there is one other point of structure, a knowledge of which will make poems mean much more to you. In alliteration a poet studies particularly the consonant sounds. But every poet knows that the tone of the poem depends upon the vowel sound. If a

poet wishes his poem to run quickly and lightly, he uses short vowels: "The prancing, dancing horses." The short end syllables and the short vowels make the line prance too. Suppose he had said, "The moving, slow-paced horses." Do you not see now that with the use of the long vowel the whole line slows down? So when a poet wishes to be solemn, and dignified, or when he feels very deeply some sorrow, or some vision, he chooses, to express his thoughts, words that contain long vowels. Read *The Coin* by Sara Teasdale (page 246):

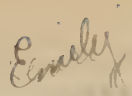
Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin—
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

Notice how long each of these lines seems when compared to "The prancing, dancing horses," although in reality the latter is longer.

Let us see this device again in the last two lines from *May Day* (page 248):

The world is mad with music
Too beautiful to bear.

Note how the author, by using short vowels in "is mad with music," makes this line run, whereas in the very next line, with the change of mood, she uses the long vowels "Too beautiful to bear," making the whole line, and us too, pause wistfully to look at the beauty of spring.



# STUDIES OF POETS

## HILDA CONKLING

Read the poems in this book by Hilda Conkling (pages 41-49). How simple her poems sound! You do not feel that you are reading a set form of verse and you are not. These poems are written in free verse. Hilda Conkling is just talking to you. She is telling you the lovely things about which she is thinking. Hilda was born in 1910; so, you see, she is still a young girl, not much older than you. She has the gift of poetry. She sees beauty, she thinks beauty, and she can express beauty in words. She has already written two volumes of poetry. She began when she was a little girl of four. She thought beautiful things and told them to her mother. She did not know that she was saying anything unusual. Her mother, who is also a poet, would write down what Hilda said, poem after poem. Hilda did not know this, of course. Her mother was wise, and wished to keep her a natural little girl.

Read the poem *Water* (page 49). Hilda wrote this poem when she was five years old. It is a very simple poem, such as you would expect a little girl to write, but how clearly the poet sees the water, the sky reflected in it, the earth holding it. How simply and clearly she makes us see it, and how much more she

makes us see than she really tells us in words. Can you not see great hills with deep green valleys between — valleys like green cups that hold beautiful lakes, and through which rivers run like silver ribbons? Can you not see the globe spinning round — lakes, oceans, continents, and all? Yet Hilda Conkling does not *say* these things. Much of the value of a poem lies not in what the author says to you, but in what he makes you say to yourself, in what he makes you feel, and in what he makes you desire.

Hilda Conkling is a true poet not only because she has this gift of suggesting thoughts and images she does not express, but also because she can express exactly what she sees.

Read the poem *River* (page 45). Note the lines,

> Something curves its golden sand bar
> Like the handle of a purple sword.

Here the poet sees the sand bar of the river in a definite way and she makes us see it as she sees it. We see it at once, even if we have never thought of a sand bar in this way before, and at once we say, "It is true. It is like that." Hilda Conkling does this often. Read *Goldfish* (page 43). Here again the poet sees clearly and expresses in words what she sees. "A shot of gold — a swish of tail — zigzag all along — a kind of stiff smile — stares out of big popping eyes of ebony." You may never have thought in this way of the goldfish in the aquarium in your classroom, but at once you know it is true, and you wonder why you have never thought of it yourself.

Hilda Conkling writes free or cadenced verse; that is, she uses neither rime nor a set rhythm. Her lines move slowly or quickly according to their meaning. In many cases, when one considers that she was but a child when she wrote, it is remarkable how closely the fall of the words follows the movement of the thought, and how the exact image used calls forth its own music.

You may never be able to write as well as Hilda Conkling, even when you are grown up, but you might try. Try putting into beautiful words some thought, some scene that has impressed you. Try to tell what it means to you. Do not be satisfied with the first word that comes into your mind but strive to find the exact word for the image or feeling you wish to express.

### WALTER DE LA MARE

Walter de la Mare, as you will see in the biographical notes (page 330), is an English poet, who has written novels, stories, and poetry.

Read the three poems by de la Mare in this book (pages 60–63).

In the study of Hilda Conkling, you found a poet whose gift was to see beautiful things and to put what she saw into exact and beautiful words so that you might see it too.

In Walter de la Mare, we have also this gift of the seer, and this gift for finding the beautiful word. Of course, too, since he is not a child, he has developed this gift further. Added to these, he has another gift, that of making you see what he sees, and believe what he believes even if it does not really exist.

Some of you have seen or read *Peter Pan.* When Peter cried to the audience, "Do you believe in fairies?" did you not believe? Perhaps you had never seen one; perhaps you had once believed. You thought you had grown too old for that, but when Peter Pan asked you, you *did* believe in fairies.

Now Walter de la Mare does just the same thing. He tells you a fantastic story, a strange experience, and he makes you believe it. How? Through the magic of his words and through the fact that he takes it for granted that you *will* believe.

He can work other magic also! Have you ever visited a haunted house and felt the strange thrill that accompanied its desertion and solitude? Do you remember the chills that ran up and down the spines of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn when they neared the "haunted" house? There is an atmosphere that gathers about old deserted places, as though Nature remembered the dreadful deeds once done in the place and shivered at her memories. Now read *The Listeners* (page 60). The author gives you this feeling by suggesting the effect that the deserted place has on a visitor who returns. There is the eerie sensation of knocking and receiving no answer and yet feeling eyes looking at one.

Of all our modern writers Walter de la Mare has, perhaps, best developed the magic of words that makes real what is usually considered unreal. James M. Barrie also has this special gift but he uses it in drama, not in verse.

You will find other poems by Walter de la Mare in

*Peacock Pie* and *The Listeners*. You will like many of them.

### HENRY VAN DYKE

Henry van Dyke loves beauty. Because of this love of beauty and because of his power to put it into fitting words, he is a poet.

Henry van Dyke believes in life — in the goodness of life. His poems are joyous and confident. In *A Mile with Me* (page 258), he voices the desire of people for happy companionship. In *Work* (page 259), another poem selected for this volume, he shows us the beauty of work as well as its necessity, and our place in the world. His bird songs are happy interpretations of the moods the birds arouse in him and of the words their calls suggest. His language is simple and sincere.

When you have read the selections given in this book, read all his bird songs. Learn the refrains. You will find them lovely to think of when you are camping. Read too, if you care to, his essays, as *Fisherman's Luck* and *Off Days;* and his stories, *The Story of the Other Wise Man* and *The Blue Flower*.

There is nothing eerie, nothing of the shadows in van Dyke's work. With him it is always sunshine and starlight. He accepts the spiritual world as simply as the world of everyday with complete faith and trust in the overruling purpose of God.

### JOHN MASEFIELD

Most of our poets to-day are minor poets. Of John Masefield it may truly be said that he is a major poet in

regard to both quality and volume. More than any other poet Masefield gives the smell of the new-turned earth, the taste of salt on one's lips at sea, the feel of a ship's rolling.

If, perchance, you have a notion that poetry is not for real men, that it is silly or sentimental, then read Masefield. Read *The Fever Ship*, *Salt-Water Ballads*, *Biography*, *Sea Fever*, the lyrics from *The Buccaneer*. Above all read *Dauber*. Never again will you think that poetry is silly.

Masefield always knows of what he is speaking. He uses the word that means exactly what he wishes to convey and has the flavor that he wishes to give. If your teacher says that your themes are vague, this poet can help you. Study his vocabulary. Learn the meaning of each unusual word.

Let us look now at the poems printed in this volume, at *Sea Fever* first (page 158). Read the poem aloud and hear how the long seven-accent line gives the feeling of the roll of the ship in a heavy sea. The accents are varied. This gives the roll, and avoids the monotony and jerkiness that would be fatal.

See how careful Masefield is to be exact in the use of words. It is "gray mist," "flung spray," "blown spume," "gull's way," "whetted knife," "running tide." There is never a vague or uncertain term employed. Masefield deliberately sought in his life the experiences that would give him the knowledge he needed.

In the lyrics from *The Buccaneer* (page 156) the meter is simpler; yet there is much variety, and again one

catches the salt tang of the sea breeze, and the movement of the ship.

When you have read the selections in this book, ask at the library for *Collected Poems* by Masefield and read all you care to of it, but especially read *Dauber*. Perhaps you too at the end will find that your lips taste salt, and that your body is bruised as though in more than imagination you had been climbing rigging and edging out on tipping yards over a tumultuous sea.

When you dip into Masefield's poems, be sure to read *Cargoes* and *Tewkesbury Road*. You will enjoy them. When you are a little older you will thrill at every line of *The Everlasting Mercy*. Then too, you will enjoy *Reynard the Fox*. This is a long poem of a fox hunt over English fields and hedges.

One of the things that most distinguish Masefield from other poets is his love of the common man. He realizes that in every man there are love and hate at war; duty and pleasure; greed and generosity; and that the common man, as we call him, is the true hero.

Read his poem *Consecration*, and you will see that he does all with full knowledge, knowledge gained from life.

### EUGENE FIELD

In this volume you will find three poems by Eugene Field. Eugene Field was a lover of children. Children would go to him at any time in any place whether they knew him or not. With people of his own age he was often annoying because of his indulgence in practical jokes, but with children he was always tender and un-

derstanding. The poems selected for this book are humorous, for Field loved fun, yet with the fun goes a great understanding of what goes on in the mind and heart of a little child. This understanding is a rare gift in a grown-up person. Longfellow had it, and Stevenson had it, but neither of them included in his understanding the love of fun that is also part of the child's nature. This combination is Field's special gift.

In *The Dinkey-Bird* (page 70), we have an absurd account of what goes on just as it might happen in the Land of Dreams to which the lullaby is taking the child. Can't you see the child laughing and then made drowsy by the sing-song, then fairly asleep with a smile?

Note the absurd words, such as the *amfalula* tree, which delight children if the rhythm is sustained. Edward Lear does it constantly in his *Nonsense Rhymes* and Lewis Carroll in the poems inserted in *Through the Looking Glass*. Haven't you in your games of make-believe talked nonsense and pretended that it made sense and was a new language? Do you suppose that Field expected the child to whom he sang this lullaby to understand all the musical terms he used? No, that was all part of the fun.

In *Jest 'fore Christmas* (page 73) note his quick understanding both of the boy's love of mischief and of his impatience with law and order. You can well remember how perhaps only a short time past it seemed useless to wash your face and you wondered why every one insisted upon your doing it and kept annoying you about it when you wanted to play every moment. You

can remember how Christmas seemed a time of good things and how you tried to be very good just before it. You knew your good behavior wouldn't last, but you did try to be *proper* for a while.

In *Seein' Things* (page 76) Field again enters into a child's vivid imagination, remembering that what a child thinks seems real to him. You can remember that if the closet door stood open, you lay in bed seeing wolves, bears, and people of strange sorts in the clothing hanging on the hooks. You knew it was clothing, yet the wolves were just as real to you. Children often suffer more than grown-ups realize through their vivid imaginations. Field, although grown up, remembered this fact, and helps us to keep it in mind.

When you have read the poems in this volume, get from the library a volume of Field's poems and read as many as you care to. You will recall some that you heard in the lower grades in school, as *The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat, The Rock-a-Bye Lady*, and, perhaps, *Little Boy Blue*. Re-read these, and then read the lullabies, and above all read Field's letters to children. Many wrote to him and he always answered because he loved them.

Field is not a great poet in the sense that he uses lofty phrases and beautiful words. That is not his gift. He is a poet of the child's mind and the child's heart and he uses the child's language.

### EDWIN MARKHAM

Edwin Markham is one of the older school of living poets. He does not hold extreme views in versification

or thought. Just for that reason, perhaps, he has a name that carries weight. His reputation became world-wide when *The Man with the Hoe*, based on Millet's picture, appeared in 1899. This poem belongs to the school of realism, although realism to-day has gone far beyond this book in thought and in expression. It is not as a poet of realism, however, that Markham holds his own high place to-day. It is as a poet of the spiritual life. His vision of life is clear and big. He "sees life steadily and sees it whole."

He is a poet of vision. His *Anchored to the Infinite* (page 149) is typical of his belief in the unlimited power of the human soul to grow toward perfection, toward God. To him all pain and all suffering are for this same purpose — to make us grow. In *A Prayer* (page 155), he is true to his vision of courage and simplicity of soul; and the soul is to learn its lessons from nature. It is to learn the strength of the rock; the simplicity of the flower; the gentleness of grass; the kindness and patience of the tree; and the joy of the cricket. In other words, the work of the soul is to be, to show forth God as nature does. As the psalmist phrased it long ago:

> The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. . . .
> Let the words of my mouth be acceptable in Thy sight.

In *Man-Making* (page 154) the emphasis is on character. Prosperity, health, reputation are worthless without the reality behind them; character is what one is in the sight of God.

Another idea that Markham reiterates throughout his poems is the power of love. You know how you feel when you are with your mother and feel her love for you, or when you are in the room of a teacher you like very much, or are walking and talking with a chum. Such association brings out the best in you, does it not? This is true of all people everywhere. Very often it cannot be put into words; we just feel it.

Markham has written many other poems. Among these stands *Lincoln, the Man of the People* (page 151). It closes with a beautiful word picture of the empty space left by Lincoln's death.

Both for volume and for quality Markham stands in the first rank of American literature.

# STUDIES OF POEMS

When people who know and love poetry read a new poem, they do not always consciously ask themselves all the questions we are going to ask here, because they have read so much poetry that the questions we shall discuss here ask themselves and are answered almost without their knowing it. Only by intelligent reading and study can you also develop this power of appreciating beautiful poetry.

The numbers following the titles show the pages on which the poems are found.

### HOME-BOUND (6)

What is the theme of this poem? State it in one sentence. What picture does the first line present? Have you ever before met the word *rim* used as a verb? Why did Auslander use it? Just what suggestion does it give? Why does the poet speak of the "wavering" tide?

Have you ever watched the moon at night on the water? Is the water ever still? Does it seem more still in the moonlight than at other times? What is the significance of "one fish slips"? Why is it more in keeping with the rest of the line than would have been the phrase *fishes slip?* Would the two pictures differ? How?

Have you ever heard water making a sound that seemed to make everything hushed, that gentle lapping of wavelets on a shore? What, in the next two lines, does the poet mean by "an anchoring of many ships home-bound"? Name some of the things that cease at night or that go home.

Read the second stanza again. The poet has turned from the sea to the fields and woods where are "strange tunnelers." Name some animals and insects that the poet might have meant. Notice the phrase "whirs of wings that die," the sudden short flights of birds that are settling down for the night. You can almost hear the twittering in the next line as the sound of the wings ceases, and "hairy spiders spin the silence into nets."

Have you ever been alone in the woods or fields at night? Were you surprised at the many sounds in the silence, sounds that you had never noticed in the daytime? Did you wonder what strange "tenanters" were living there?

In the third stanza the poet returns to himself. "I step in shadows." Have you not done this very thing? Have you not brought down your foot heavily on what was only a wavering shadow or stepped on gliding things that looked like shadows? In the dim beginning of moonshine it is hard to know the substance from shadow.

In the next line notice the metaphor, "And feel the night lean cool against my face." The cool dampness of the night air is like a soft hand, isn't it? In the next line what is the meaning of "challenged"? What is the "sentinel of space"? Have you ever felt that

soft seeking of the night wind about your hair as you returned home? Who passes a sentinel after a challenge?

The poet passes. Why? Do you think his answer to the challenge may have been, "A friend of night and wide spaces"?

Could you make this answer?

Ask your teacher or a friend who reads well to read this poem aloud to you.

Here is a list of some poems that, like *Home-Bound*, do not describe nature in detail but express the moods aroused by certain scenes, certain hours, certain seasons. Try to discover just what emotions these poets feel and by what means they make you feel them.

A Blackbird Suddenly (4)
Roadside Flowers (25)
Beclouded (64)
Reveille (120)
Evening in England (136)
Afternoon on a Hill (165)
The Call of the Spring (187)
Daffodils (209)
Compensation (211)
The Fog (222)
Pastoral (241)
Fern Song (244)
May Day (248)

### GYPSY-HEART (9)

Read this poem silently. What is its theme? What mood is expressed? Contrast the mood or feeling in this poem with that expressed in *Home-Bound* by Joseph Auslander (page 6). Notice the difference in rhythm or swing between these two poems. Why is this? To what season does this poem belong?

Have you ever felt this mood, this desire to start on some wonderful unknown quest as the year turns to spring?

In the first line, what is the meaning of "misted"? Why did the author use this? Try the word *clouded* here and note the different effect. Try *radiant.* Note again the effect. Just what, then, is the effect of the word "misted"?

Why does the author tell us of meadow larks? Where do we find them? Are they pretty to look at? Is the poet interested in their appearance or in their song? Why? Why is the word "keen" used? What effect has it?

What is a "wold"? What figure of speech does this line contain? Has it a pleasant effect? It comes again in the next line with the repetition of "roaming." You will see that it makes us think of the country, the woods, the green, the birds, the wind, the sun that "Gypsy-heart" or the spring mood desires.

What is the meaning of "blithe"? Of what is the poet thinking when she speaks of a blithe adventure? What do you think of?

"Youth will soon be done." The poet is here thinking that spring, lovely as it is, soon passes. It is youth that most enjoys spring, and it also soon passes.

In the next stanza, both the poem and the season have progressed. It is May, and Gypsy-heart longs for love. Compare the last two lines of this stanza with the lines in the first prelude of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* beginning, "Now is the high tide of the year." Note how brief our poet's description of spring is, compared with Lowell's description. Our poet suggests a mood and lets you fill in your own details. Which way do you prefer?

Now again the season progresses. It is the time of roses. Why did the poet choose this flower? What is the meaning of "anguished"? Have you ever been so happy that it hurt? Read the poet's ending. Compare this with Blake's

> To see a World in a grain of sand
> And a Heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour.

Isn't this just what we spend our lives in learning? Do you remember that Mytyl and Tyltyl in *The Bluebird* sought happiness everywhere, only to find it at last in their own home? Now read the poem once more silently or ask your teacher to read it to you.

Your life is an adventure. What is before you? Adventure, surely, for one thing. You love your home, your parents, your childhood, but there is life beckoning, and no one else can live your life for you. It is your very own, your "pearl of great price."

> And go I must, my dears,
> And journey while I may,
> Though heart be sore for the little House
> That had no word but Stay.

There are other poems in this book that will tell of adventure and make you feel like hiking, camping, voyaging, seeing strange lands. Some of you will do these things sometime. All of you can do them now in imagination. Read these poems when you long for adventure:

Going down Hill on a Bicycle (11)
Song (21)
A Road Song (30)
A Girl of the West (51)
Adventure (67)
The Skaters (78)
Wander-Thirst (98)
Wind-in-the-Hair and Rain-in-the-Face (107)
Lyrics from *The Buccaneer* (156)
Sea Fever (158)
The Tarry Buccaneer (160)
Lone Dog (163)
Travel (166)
The High Adventure (200)
Song of the Ships in 1560 (204)
Going Up to London (250)
A Mile with Me (258)

## PORTRAIT OF A BOY (14)

This poem is, as the title tells us, a picture. One might paint it. The small boy with reddened eyes, lying in bed, the moonshine on his bed, the vision before him of Treasure Island with the sand, the cave, the stars of the southern skies, the casks, the pirates playing, the gold. What book had he been reading?

The poet uses word after word that gives us color. See how many you can find. Look up "Mars" and "Centaur" and "Southern Cross." They are all found in southern skies.

Why are the "great casks like wattled aldermen"? Look up the meaning of "wattled." Benét uses "*glowed* on the walls like hot *desire*" because he is trying to keep the picture of the uncontrolled actions and emotions of pirates.

What is "syenite"? Do you think the small boy knew or did he remember it because he liked the sound of the word and because it suggested brightness? In the same way he probably remembered "doubloons." The heavy long sounds suggest heavy gold coins striking

one another as they fall. How strange and weird it all was!

Now re-read this poem and tell briefly its story.

Do you think Jim Hawkins in *Treasure Island* might have dreamed it?

There are other poems in this book that tell about children and the way children feel and think about things. You remember *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. No one else has so well remembered his thoughts and feelings as a child. Recall, if you can, some of his poems that you learned in the primary grades.

One of the poems in this book that you will like is called *A Little Boy I Know* (page 117). Read it. Isn't that just the way your little brother or sister thinks and is not that the way he or she runs about trying to help? We are sometimes amused and feel quite grown up; but to the child everything in the world is new and wonderful. In *A Bunch of Roses* (page 242) John B. Tabb gives a delightful description of a baby absorbed in trying to get his rosy toes into his rosy mouth.

All young children love to pretend. Read *Barberry* (page 41) by Hilda Conkling and *Lie-Awake Songs* (page 22) by Amelia Josephine Burr. Do you remember lying in bed imagining all sorts of things? Perhaps you can recall a poem learned in the lower grade about the little boy who hid under the bed clothes because he had been naughty and thought that the wind was saying "You-oo-oo-oo."

You have all heard your mother singing a lullaby perhaps to your baby brother or sister, perhaps to your-

self. Read *Cradle Song* (page 174) by Sarojini Naidu. Wouldn't you like to have your mother sing that to you even now if you were ill in bed and restless?

Some of the other poems in this book that tell about children and childhood are:

The Dinkey-Bird (70)
Jest 'fore Christmas (73)
Seein' Things (76)
Etiquette (105)
Child's Song (124)
Incorrigible (129)
Smells (173)
Escape at Bedtime (236)

### A VAGABOND SONG (27)

Read this poem first silently, then aloud. Read it or say it as you walk and note that its rhythm, one of the great beauties of this poem, is the rhythm of the long walk over the hills. You know that long steady lope one gets on a real hike.

The meter changes from iambic to trochaic and back with anapests included (see the section on meter, page 280) as the feeling varies; yet you will find that the iambic meter predominates.

What is the mood the poet is trying to express? What mood does autumn awaken in him? What aspect of autumn does he select for the poem? Is there another side to it?

What does the poet mean by "my heart is like a rime"? What do rimes do?

Why does he liken the scarlet of maples to the cry of bugles?

Another author, Neihardt, speaks of "the visual shout of red." Another speaks of the "scarlet blare of trumpets." There was a man in New York a few years

ago who played a clavilux. As he played, instead of sounds, colors were thrown on a screen. One *saw* symphonies.

Find another poem which tells of sound in terms of color and color in terms of sound.

What does the poet mean by "frosty asters"? Why are they "like a smoke"? Remember these are wild wood asters, not garden asters.

Why does the poet refer to "gypsy blood"? For what does it stand to him?

Read *Wander-Thirst* (page 98), *Gypsy-Heart* (page 9), *Vagabond* (page 238), and *Sea Gypsy* (page 126), and compare their moods with the mood of this poem.

Now re-read the poem and, if you care to, memorize it for next October's week-end camping trip or hike.

What details of the outdoors do you obtain from each poem? Find a line that appeals to sight; to hearing; to taste; to smell; to touch. What details has the poet selected? Why did he choose these? Were there other details he might have used? Try to see the pictures and colors.

Try to hear the sounds in the following poems. Sometimes one may actually smell the spring earth or the autumn leaves or feel the warmth of the sun.

An April Morning (24)
The White-Throated Sparrow (32)
A Yellow Pansy (40)
Song for Morning (46)
Day's Black Star (54)
The Rain (59)
Birches (86)
The Home-Coming of the Sheep (137)
Sundown (148)
Sea Fever (158)
May Day (248)
Glimpse in Autumn (256)
O Little Road (271)

### LEISURE (58)

As far as the words and the music of the verse are concerned, this poem needs no explanation. It is very simple.

The poet pleads for us to observe and enjoy nature and beauty, and by this pleading decries the modern city life of hurry and turmoil. As the Hindu philosophers express it, "Why hasten when the road is endless?"

Compare this poem with that by John Burroughs beginning, "Serene I fold my hands and wait."

Have you ever asked a friend about the scenery on a journey and received the answer, "I didn't notice; I was in a hurry"? It is this that Davies deplores. The poet himself gave up everything and, like Walt Whitman, tramped the roads to enjoy nature and to seek beauty. That is why he can come to us and tell us about it so that we listen.

### DAY'S BLACK STAR (54)

Find the lines that tell the theme of the whole poem. Why does the poet want to rejoice in living?

Here are word-pictures to make you see beauty. Quote the lines that give you pictures. Why does the bird in the distance look like a star? Note the picture of the "black" star against the "white" cloud. Note the contrast between the tiny, well-nigh invisible bird and the flood of music it makes. Why does the poet speak of the star's "twinkling"? Why does he say that the bird "makes earth and all heaven *ring*"?

What is the meaning of "You fall to earth in one long singing swoon"? What "green plains" have you seen? What other pictures do you see as you read this poem? Why did the poet name it as he did?

### BOOKS (65)

This poem contains so much that it is like a Christmas box tightly packed with good things.

Read the poem through. What is a frigate? What will it do for us? Why are books frigates? Have you not sailed the Spanish Main with Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver, and journeyed down rivers on a raft with Huckleberry Finn, and been lost in limestone caverns with Tom Sawyer and Becky? Have you taken the horn of Roland and blown upon it a great blast, and spread your cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on, and shared in the adventures of King Arthur and his knights? All these adventures you have had through books. Through reading, we first learn, most of us, of other lands, of other peoples, of the land of imagination where the fairies live, of the lands of long ago where heroes lived, of the lands of the present where we live who may be the heroes of to-morrow.

Most of the early stories were written first as poetry, what Emily Dickinson calls "prancing poetry."

To take the journeys on frigates or on coursers, all you need to-day is a desire to journey and membership in the nearest library.

Other poems in this book tell of books and stories. In *School* (page 263) by Winifred Welles we meet the boy who loves to dream of beautiful things. He gets

into difficulties occasionally, but he must dream of beauty. His lesson in Greek is, for him, a drama in which he *sees* Troy burning. Do you think he has gained much from his reading?

There is a poem called *Books* (page 42) by Hilda Conkling. She was only a little girl when she wrote it. She feels that the whole world is one vast book that she would like to read. Are you also going to learn how to read this book? Books and school will help you.

Other poems in this book that tell of stories read or imagined are:

A Jeweled Screen (113)
A Song of Sherwood (190)
Ten Years Old (261)

### THE BARREL ORGAN (177)

Great operas and songs tell stories in music. *The Barrel Organ* tells the story of the thoughts that went through the author's mind as he heard the hand organ play familiar tunes.

Read this poem silently. Is there one theme running through all the variations? What is it? Why are there so many variations in meter and form? Why does Noyes choose street music for his theme? What is a symphony? Have you ever heard a barrel organ in a crowded street in a poor neighborhood? Have you seen the faces of the people old and young brighten? Have you seen the children begin to dance or march to the tune, while the others hum it? Has such a time suddenly brought to your memory a party or a dance or a concert at which this tune was played? Then

you lived in your memories for a while until the tune changed.

As the poem continues, Noyes does just what you would do if you were listening to this music. He watches the people and gives us the effect of the music upon each one of them, the thief, the fashionable woman, the seaman, the laborer. To each the music brings different memories. The music speaks of nature, of cherry trees, of birds, of flowers.

Kew is a section of London where there are great gardens, Kew Gardens. What is the meaning of "Dorian"? Look up the Greek legend of the nightingale. Ask the librarian for a book about birds and find a picture of a linnet. It is a small bird chestnut-brown in color with touches of crimson. "Throstle" is another name for thrush, and you all know the owl. Read Tennyson's poem *The White Owl in the Belfry Sits*.

Why does Noyes refer to Noah? What had he to do with birds? Why does Noyes speak of "gaudy busses"? How do Londoners usually ride about London?

What is *Il Trovatore?* Who wrote it? Caruso used to sing the aria *A che la morte*. It was one of his great successes.

Note the use of "litten." What would we say ordinarily? Do you think it wise to use an unusual form like this in a poem dealing with usual things?

Noyes tells us that each of these people riding together on this bus lives in a world of his own, just as you do. You come from different homes and different sections; you have different histories; you will go out

into different schools and colleges; you will lead different lives. Yet for the time being you are gathered here together into one class listening to one poem. It will mean all sorts of things to you just because each one is different from all the others. So it is with the people in the poem.

Read each stanza and describe its mood.

Now re-read the whole poem and state once more the theme. Do you think Noyes has succeeded in bringing out this theme? What is the rhythm of this poem? What is the effect of the long line? How does Noyes make the line move quickly in spite of its length? What kind of foot does he use?

Some of the music mentioned in this poem has been recorded for the phonograph. If you have some of these records, bring them to school and ask your teacher to play them to the class.

### THE GAUNT GRAY WOLF (94)

Read the poem. Do you like the rhythm or swing of the lines? Try reading it aloud. You have read many stories of men standing watch at night to keep the fires burning so that wolves would not attack. They fear, as do all animals, the "Red Flower." Do you recall Mowgli and the wolves in *The Jungle Book* by Kipling?

Garland does not describe the wolf by giving the details of its appearance, but by mentioning its actions.

What is meant by the first line of the last stanza? What proverb do you know that has to do with a wolf and hunger? If you can't recall it, ask your teacher or the librarian what it is.

Does not the whole poem give the thrill of fear that one would feel if one saw a wolf slinking along in the twilight of deep woods?

There are other poems in this book that tell about animals, birds, flowers, and other living things:

Roadside Flowers (25)
Morning-Glories (28)
The White-Throated Sparrow (32)
Robin Rimes (34)
Day's Black Star (54)
Birches (86)
Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry Now (119)
The Mocking Bird (125)
The Scarlet Tanager (213)
The First Bluebird (214)
The Hens (219)
The Rabbit (220)
The Tax-Gatherer (245)

**MAGIC** (91)

Some poems about little things make us feel how much there is beyond these things that we do not understand. Such is the mood of *Magic*.

The mood of this poem often comes upon you when you pick up a pebble on the sea beach and think of the great depths of ocean where it may have been; or when you pick up a fossil sea shell on the top of a mountain and think how once the great stretch of country before you must have been under ocean waters.

Garland picked up a "piece of lichen-spotted stone" and it brought to his memory the great mountain ranges of Colorado, the winds, the snows, the storm-beaten evergreens, the clouds, the cañon.

What is lichen? Why does the poem speak of "the moan of winds"? of "naked crags"? What happens to the vegetation in the high altitudes? Have you ever heard the expression, "above timber line"? What

causes snow? What is a hag? Why are the cedars called "hags"? Why does the poet speak of their "streaming hair"? What do constant storms and winds do to the trees that succeed in keeping alive? Is the cloud, in imagination, above or below the poet? What is a cañon? Where are the "furious waters"?

Read Tennyson's *Little Flower*. That gives the same idea in another form. Francis Thompson says, "Thou canst not stir a flower without troubling of a star."

Now re-read the poem to get its full meaning.

Read the following poems:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Storm (66) | The Green Inn (96) |
| Do You Fear the Wind? (93) | Beauty's Haunts (232) |

There are other poems that make us realize how often we hasten along absorbed in our little affairs and neglect to notice the beauty of the world. In *Leisure* (page 58), William H. Davies tries to make us pause to see the beauty everywhere about us.

### TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN (115)

This is a beautiful modern song. Read it silently. Note how the short line and steady rhythm suggest the horseman galloping along. Read Stevenson's *Windy Nights* with its "Why does he gallop and gallop about?" and compare the rhythm.

Why is Time called a "gypsy man"? Would the gifts mentioned appeal to a gypsy? Where was Babylon? What is the story of its fall? How did Rome fall? What was Rome sometimes called in the day

of its power? What happens when a horseman tightens his reins?

Notice how underneath the light tone, the "gypsy man," the "caravan," the "bells for your jennet," the "great golden ring," there runs a feeling of longing that one knows cannot be satisfied. Time will not stay.

The rise and fall of civilization are referred to in the third stanza. First Babylon of ancient civilization is mentioned. You will recall its story in the Bible. Rome comes next, for the great civilization of Rome took the position that had been held by Babylon. Then "Paul's dome" standing for London, since the great dome on Ludgate Hill dominates the City (financial section) of London. Note here the use of "morning" and "the crush." This suggests the daily modern business rush and congestion of traffic. Not even this great civilization of to-day can endure forever as it is. It must change, grow or decay. New cities not yet born will arise. We have seen that in America again and again.

And so Time goes on. Those of you who study French will read *Le lac* by Lamartine, who has expressed the same idea:

> Mais je demande en vain quelques moments encore;
> Le temps m'échappe et fuit.
> . . . . . .
> L'homme n'a point de port, le temps n'a point de rive;
> Il coule et nous passons.[1]

[1] "But I ask in vain for a few moments more; time escapes me and flees. Man has no haven, time has no shore; it flows, and we pass on."

Ralph Hodgson has hidden the seriousness of the idea in the graceful lines of the lyric so that the reader may take it as a light lyric or a serious one as he may wish. You know how often, when you have a serious thought, you disguise it under a jest. It is not easy to say serious things gracefully, and this Hodgson has done successfully.

Re-read the poem, aloud, in order to get a complete union of the thought and the rhythm.

### MY MOTHER (139)

Almost every poet has written of his mother. So has Francis Ledwidge, an Irish poet.

Read this poem silently. As Ledwidge is a poet, he describes his mother by many images of beauty. Look at the first line. What sort of day is a typical April day? In the next line the poet avoids all suggestions of storm or violence. It is a gentle sadness that is part of his mother. She was calm amid violence, as we see in the next stanza, yet loving the wild violence of the ocean.

In the next stanza she is amid domestic surroundings with eyes open for every change. What does the word "swallow" stand for? What does the word "geese" stand for? The next two lines show us the poet's mother among people. What quality did she have?

In the next stanza note the lovely comparison to show her kindness to those in trouble.

Like all great men, the poet is humble before the thought of his mother and all that she has given him.

Re-read the poem and describe the mother in your own words.

What lines in the poem do you like best? Why? Memorize them.

There are other poems in this book that tell what poets feel about their mothers and all mothers and about the home which usually centers about the mother, especially while the children are growing. We love to go adventuring but it is good to return home to dear ones. A truly great man is always "True to the kindred points of heaven and home," as Wordsworth said. If heaven is home, home ought to be heaven. It is in the home that we may learn love and sacrifice, kindness and thoughtfulness.

In one of the poems in this book, *Return to New York* (page 266) by John Hall Wheelock, the poet thinks of the city as a mother because it has nourished him.

Other poems keep the idea of home as a place where one's people are, where one lives and grows and loves. Read the second stanza of *Traveler's Rest* (page 229) by Cicely Fox Smith. Home here is a place where people love us as we are, a place all of us long for, as Joyce Kilmer tells us in *Roofs* (page 131).

Other poems to read are:

A Song for My Mother: Her Hands (18)
The Old Woman of the Roads (38)
Nod (63)
The House by the Side of the Road (81)
Home from Wild Meadows (95)
Roofs (131)
A Mother's Song (138)
Song for a Little House (171)
To a Little House (172)
Duna (198)
Traveler's Rest (229)

### THE SHADOW PEOPLE (140)

Do you believe in fairies? Well, if you do not, believe at least that other people often do, especially people who have lived always in the country where woods and streams, hills and valleys, moonlight and starshine, speak to them of strange inhabitants, "the little people," as the Irish peasants lovingly call them. Remember that Shakespeare, the greatest of dramatists, wrote a play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that had wonderful fairies in it.

*The Shadow People* by Francis Ledwidge is one of the poems about fairies. According to Irish legend, only children and simple, true people are able to see the little people. To say that old lame Bridget cannot see fairies is equivalent to saying she is a very matter-of-fact, everyday sort of person with no imagination. The child sees the fairies and tells us what she sees and hears.

Why does the poet say "their slow gray feet"? What is suggested? What is the "gloaming"? What is "sedge"? Did you ever catch minnows? Why are they called "finny"?

When the little girl sees fairies who are free from human laws of living, what does she wish? Why? Would you?

Re-read the poem and state its theme in your own words. Repeat the two lines (or more) that you like best.

When you are older you must read *Land of Heart's Desire* by Yeats.

In this collection, the following poems tell of fairies and fairyland:

The Listeners (60)
The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend (89)
I'd Love to Be a Fairy's Child (99)
Elf Song (199)
Stolen Away (207)

**ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE** (149)

Read the poem silently. What does its title suggest? Do you know any other poem that likens human life to a ship? What is meant by "the Infinite"? What is the thought of this sonnet? Why is faith necessary to life? Could we live if we did not believe in anything at all?

Now let us look at the first section of the sonnet. We have here a picture. You may remember the story of the prisoner who escaped because a friend sent up the wall a beetle with a thread attached to it. To this thread was attached a stronger thread. Each succeeding thread was still stronger, until the man hauled up the rope by which he was to escape. Markham uses this idea in another form. Here we have a picture of the great gap or gorge at Niagara. The engineers are to bridge this gap. How may it be done?

How, does Markham tell us, was the feat accomplished? Describe each step on the blackboard. Notice that this picture is for Markham only the starting point of his sonnet. Now he turns to human life, to our desire to know what life means, what is behind all that we see. Every one has this desire at times. Markham pictures now not the engineer but one's own soul doing a mighty work, bridging a great distance.

This time the distance is between God and Man. What do we send out first? And what do we send next? It is the repeated sending out that will finally succeed. What is his conclusion? What is God doing on His side? Read the line beginning "Across the void." What is a void? What is the one means of bridging this void? When a ship is anchored, is it entirely still? May it swing? If we are anchored to God through love and faith, shall we still have troubles? What does Markham mean by "chance" in the next to the last line? Re-read the poem. Try to see the picture of Niagara. Try to see the picture of the human soul.

Other poems in this book tell us what poets have thought about life.

"Times go by turns; verily all shall be well, and all manner of things shall be well." So said the wise Lady Julian centuries ago, and to-day it is as true as on the day she said it. So have the wise men of all the ages both in the East and in the West believed, and so we believe.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

Thus Lizette Woodworth Reese (page 210) expresses the same truth, and she concludes with that other truth that

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

Whether life for you be joyful or sorrowful, if you keep faith with your ideal, keep faith with God, you will grow, and this is the meaning of your suffering and your joy, of your whole life. Every great poet has believed in life. Every great poet or seer, just because he is a seer, bears witness in his poetry to his faith in life.

Read the following poems:

The Wild Ride (103)
Saplings (134)
Man-Making (154)
The Butterfly (196)
Prayer for a Boy (202)
A Little Song of Life (210)

In each of these poems you will find stressed the idea that living means growing and that to stop growing is to begin to die.

> By all that's brave and kind and gay:
> By life and death and love I pray —
> By all the beauty that I know
> I pray you shall be strong and grow.

Now read the following poems:

A Greeting (56)
A Creed (150)
Work (167)
The Slave (193)
Love's Giving (195)
Stretch Out Your Hand (221)
Plowman and Poet (224)
A Prayer (225)
Love and Liberation (265)
If Love Were Mine (269)

These poems speak of growing as do the others already listed, but you will note they tell also ways by which one may grow. What are these ways? One is by love, one is by hope, one is by faith. Now love means giving, hope needs courage, and faith needs patience; so you will find these poems speaking of these also. Giving needs work, and courage needs vision; so these,

too, you will find in these poems. Are any others spoken of?

Sometimes, as we go on in life believing, working, loving, growing, we feel that we are making no progress. We see how much we have wished to do and how little we have done, and we are sad. This comes to all of us. Read:

Sometimes (130)
Windows (218)
Love and the Child (249)

If, however, we keep faith, we shall go on growing and become what we wish to be. Read:

The Blades of Grass (50)
The Wild Ride (103)

One way in which we grow is by our love of beauty, beauty in the world about us, in other people, in our own thoughts. Read:

My Mind and I (44)
Sea-Gull Song (52)
A Greeting (56)
Spirit Wings (135)
Prayer for a Boy (202)
Prayers of Steel (223)
Plowman and Poet (224)
The Tree-Top Road (230)
A B C's in Green (235)
The Coin (246)
Thoughts (247)

These poems all tell us that "beauty is truth," whether it be material beauty, beauty of thought, or spiritual beauty.

To grow we must have faith in life, in beauty, truth, and love; and "the greatest of these is love."

**LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE** (151)

Read this poem silently. Why does Markham call Lincoln "the Man of the People"? Tell briefly the story of Lincoln's life.

Now let us take this poem bit by bit until all becomes clear. If you will look up the word "Norn" in your dictionary, you will find that it means "Fate." The Greeks feared the Fates. The North-European peoples feared the Norns who told them their doom. How appropriately the poet uses the Anglo-Saxon word since he is speaking of northern countries, and of a man of Anglo-Saxon descent! The "Whirlwind Hour" was the hour when the Union came to its great testing to tell "whether this people or any people so constituted can long endure."

What words in the second line suggest a storm cloud? What sort of storm comes in this way? Note how the poet thus indirectly suggests the violence of the approaching struggle.

The Heaven of Heroes, as some of you may know, is Valhalla. If you have read of Siegfried and the Valkyries, you are familiar with it.

The Norn Mother or Destiny comes down for what purpose? What is the meaning of "mortal" in line 4? You have met it used in this way, "He received a mortal wound."

With the next line we begin the description of the character of Lincoln. The poet might have said that Lincoln was of the common people, sympathetic and wise. Instead, being a poet, he uses phrases that suggest much more than they actually state. "The tried clay of the common road." How much more this tells us than that Lincoln was of the people. He is *tried* clay. The working man is, the world over, the foundation of government. "The common road" continues

the same thought. It is not the strange being or freak or genius that carries on the work of the world. It is the everyday man, whose life is "warm yet with the genial heat of Earth," who is close to nature.

Look up the meaning of the word "genial." No man who forgets the values of the common things of life, of the common interests of humanity, can be truly great.

Look up the meaning of "tempered." What industry does it suggest? Of what process do you think? Note the feeling of pain in this word. It is by suffering that we learn sympathy (the "thrill of human tears"), and by humor too (see line 9).

Note the description of Lincoln's face. He was homely, we know; yet we love his face because it expresses so much of tenderness, humor, pain, and love.

In the next two lines the poet tries to make us feel Lincoln's sense of the great mystery of life and of faith. All these qualities combined give us

> . . . a man to hold against the world,
> A man to match the mountains and the sea.

Markham has chosen for comparison two eternal yet eternally changing objects.

Re-read this first section silently.

In the next section of the poem, Markham again brings out the qualities of Lincoln's character by comparing each with some object of nature that is akin. Note that none of them are rare or unusual things. Why is this?

Look up "tolerance," "equity," "tang," "smack,"

and "Matterhorn." In line 30 the poet uses "shoulder" as a verb. Do you like it? What pictures does it give you?

Re-read this section.

In the next section, the poet passes from the qualities of Lincoln's character to his work in life, here the work of his early life. Is it a true picture? Try to remember the incidents to which the poet is indirectly referring.

In the next section, Markham comes to the climax of the dream of Lincoln's life, his work of preserving the Union.

To what does the poet compare the government? Why? What other famous comparison do you know that is given in a poem?

What is the ridgepole? What, then, does the poet mean by this line? What is the meaning of "Held the long purpose like a growing tree"? What would be its opposite? Find a line in the second section of the poem that brings out this same thought.

Now comes the climax of the poem. "He fell in whirlwind" before the storm was over. Note the simile. Have you ever seen a tree day after day, year after year, perhaps, from your window? Suddenly it falls, and leaves a great gap. Every time you look at the place you are conscious of the empty space and you miss the familiar tree. Lincoln's death made America feel in that way. It "leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Now re-read the entire poem. Choose the section you would like to learn. Choose the lines you like

best. Why do you like these best? Ask your teacher to read aloud your favorite lines.

In a very few years you will be active citizens — voters — taking part in the government of your country. Should there be war, you would be called upon to defend your country. What is to be your attitude? Would you fight for the love of fighting and killing, or would you fight because you believed that you belonged to your country, and that her principles were yours — the principles that spell honor and freedom?

Read *The Iron Music* (page 79) by Ford Madox Ford. We see how, in a battle, a soldier's thoughts often turn to his home — the home he is probably never to see again. The wave of memory and of home-longing does not prevent the soldier from fighting like a true patriot.

It is only by loyalty and true patriotism that we can make of America that great country that is the substance of the vision in the following poems:

Flower of the Land (2)
America the Beautiful (7)
Ode of Dedication (109)
In Flanders Fields (162)

# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was born in New Hampshire in 1836. He was a poet, short-story writer, and journalist. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890. One of his best-known works is *The Story of a Bad Boy*. He died in Boston in 1907.

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS is an American novelist and short-story writer as well as a poet. She wrote *Counsel Assigned*, *The Perfect Tribute*, and *Yellow Butterflies*.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER was born in Philadelphia in 1897. He is a graduate of Harvard College and attended the University of Paris. He wrote *Sunrise Trumpets* (1924) and, in collaboration with Frank Ernest Hill, *The Winged Horse*.

KATHARINE LEE BATES was born in Massachusetts in 1859. She was educated at Wellesley, where she later spent thirty years as a professor of English. Her literary activities covered a wide field. She wrote essays and short stories, and was a translator and editor as well. One of her most famous poems is *America the Beautiful*, which has been set to music. She died in Wellesley in March, 1929.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, an Englishman, was born in 1859. He received his education in London, and later at Oxford University. He was a dean of the

*Bachrach*

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

*Bachrach*

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Bachrach*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Church of England. He has written many books on both literary and religious subjects. Among his publications is *In a Garden and Other Poems.*

Stephen Vincent Benét, one of the younger poets represented in this anthology, was born in Pennsylvania in 1898. While he was at Yale University, his poem *The Hemp* won the Cook Prize. After his graduation he took up newspaper work in New York, but he continues to write poetry and plays.

Laurence Binyon, a British poet and playwright born in 1869, is deputy keeper in the British Museum. In 1912 and 1914 he came to this country as a Lowell Institute lecturer. He is the author of *England and Other Poems*, *The New World*, and several plays, among which is *Boadicea.*

William Stanley Braithwaite was born in Boston in 1878. Although he practically educated himself, he has received many honorary degrees from universities. He is a reviewer of poetry and a compiler of anthologies. He wrote *Lyrics of Life and Love* and *The House of Falling Leaves.*

Anna Hempstead Branch was born in New London, Connecticut, in 1875. She is a graduate of Smith College. She has written one play, *Rose of the Wind*, and many poems, especially for children. She has contributed both prose and poetry to magazines. One of her best volumes of verse is *The Shoes That Danced.*

Rupert Brooke, born in 1887, died in action in the World War in 1915. His education was gained at Rugby and Cambridge. He was the author of many lyrics and sonnets.

Dana Burnet was born in Ohio in 1888. He was graduated from the Cornell Law School in 1911. From then until 1918 he was a newspaper correspondent on the New York *Evening Sun*. He contributed to many magazines, and is the author of *Poems* (1915) and other volumes of verse.

Amelia Josephine Burr was born in New York in 1878. She is a graduate of Hunter College. She has written several volumes of poetry, *In Deep Places*, *The Roadside Fire*, *Little Houses*, and is an editor and compiler.

William Bliss Carman was born in 1861 in Canada. However, he was a resident of the United States for about forty years. He attended the University of New Brunswick. The best-known of his works is a volume called *Songs from Vagabondia*, written in collaboration with Richard Hovey. He died in June, 1929.

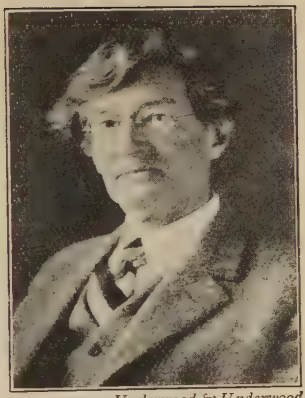
Madison Julius Cawein was born in 1865 in Kentucky. He was a true lover of nature and particularly of the Kentucky countryside. He published a great deal of verse, the best-known of which is *The Vale of Tempe*. He died in 1914.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, an Englishman, was born in 1874. He is a poet, a journalist, a well-known critic, and a lecturer. He has visited and lectured quite extensively in the United States. He wrote *Wild Knight and Other Poems; Tremendous Trifles; Robert Louis Stevenson, An Intimate Biography;* and has made many other contributions to literature.

W. W. Christman was born in 1865 and brought up on a farm in New York State. He had little school-

*Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*

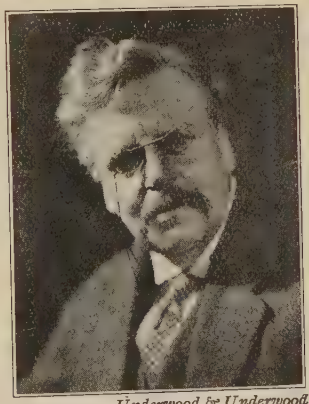
RUPERT BROOKE



*Underwood & Underwood*

BLISS CARMAN

MADISON CAWEIN



*Underwood & Underwood*

G. K. CHESTERTON

*Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*

PADRAIC COLUM

HILDA CONKLING

WALTER DE LA MARE

EMILY DICKINSON

ing. His poems are those of a farmer, and reflect the simple wholesomeness of his love for outdoors. He has written essays for nature magazines and a book of lyrics called *Songs of the Helderhills*.

Florence Earle Coates, born in Philadelphia in 1850, was educated in a convent in France, and was elected poet laureate of Pennsylvania. She was the author of *Lyrics of Life* and *Poems*. She died in 1927.

Padraic Colum, poet and dramatist, was born in 1881 in Ireland. He was one of the founders of the Irish National Theater. At one time he was editor of the *Irish Review*. He is the author of *Broken Soil*, a play, and *Wild Earth*, a collection of poems. In 1914, he came to the United States to live.

Helen Gray Cone was born in New York City in 1859. Her education was gained at Hunter College, where she later became a professor of English. She has published several volumes of verse, the best-known of which are *Oberon and Puck* and *A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems*.

Hilda Conkling, daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, the poet, was born in New York State in 1910. Before she was six years old she "talked" many poems which her mother wrote down and later published. She received her education at the Northampton School for Girls. Two of her volumes are called *Poems by a Little Girl* and *Shoes of the Wind*.

Stephen Crane, born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1870, was a poet, short-story writer, novelist, and newspaper correspondent. It was only after his early death

that he became well-known. One of his best-known works is *The Red Badge of Courage.*

Mary Carolyn Davies is a native of the State of Washington. She studied at the University of California and New York University. Several of her poems have won poetry prizes. She founded a club of free-verse writers called "Others." Some of her poetry is found in the following volumes: *Drums in Our Street, Youth Riding,* and *A Little Freckled Person.*

William Henry Davies was born in Wales in 1871. He spent many years as a tramp. At one time he earned his living singing hymns in the street; at another he became a cattleman on various steamers. His poetry is simple and direct as a result of the kind of life he has led. He was "discovered" by George Bernard Shaw. Besides many poems, he wrote in prose the *Autobiography of a Super-tramp.*

Walter de la Mare was born in England in 1873. He was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. He entered business, but after a few years gave it up and devoted his time to writing. His poems for and about children are among his best.

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1830. She lived a very secluded life. Her poems were not written for publication. It was not until after her death in 1886 that her first volume of poems was published. Recently what is claimed to be her best work has been discovered and made public.

Thomas Wade Earp, an Englishman, was born in 1892. He was educated at Oxford University. He is particularly interested in social and antiquarian re-

search. He is a contributor to the *Adventurers All* series, and is the author of *Contacts and Other Poems* and *The Gate of Bronze.*

Max Eastman was born in New York State in 1883. He was graduated from Williams College in 1905. From 1907 to 1911 he was an associate professor at Columbia University. He is interested in social problems, and was editor of *The Masses.*

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis in 1850. He went to Knox College and then did newspaper work. He was very fond of children and wrote a great many poems for them. Some of his best verse is collected in the two volumes *Complete Poems* and *A Little Book of Western Verse.* His best-known poem is *Little Boy Blue.* He died in 1895.

John Gould Fletcher, a writer of free verse, was born in Arkansas in 1886. He went to Phillips Academy (Andover) and Harvard College. He married an English woman and now lives in London. He is the author of *Fire and Wine* and *The Tree of Life.*

Ford Madox Ford was born in 1873 in England. He is the grandson of Ford Madox Brown, a great painter. He wrote *Soul of London, Collected Poems* (1914), *No More Parades* (1925), and *Less Than the Gods* (1928).

Sam Walter Foss, an editor and journalist, was born in New Hampshire in 1858 and died in 1911. He was a graduate of Brown University. He wrote *Back Country Poems.*

Robert Frost, although born in California in 1875, was reared in New England. After a few months at

Dartmouth College he gave up college to work in a mill in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He is a writer of free verse which has been inspired by New England. He is a lecturer and teacher, as well as a poet. One of his most famous volumes is *North of Boston.*

Rose Fyleman is a British poet, born in 1877. She was educated at the University College in Nottingham. She has studied singing and taught school. She is a contributor to *Punch*, the famous English magazine, and has written several volumes of verse for children.

John Galsworthy was born in England in 1867. He received his college training at Oxford. He is a poet, novelist, essayist, and dramatist who portrays commonplace people and places. Some of his works are *The Forsyte Saga, A Modern Comedy, The Dark Flower, Strife, Loyalties.*

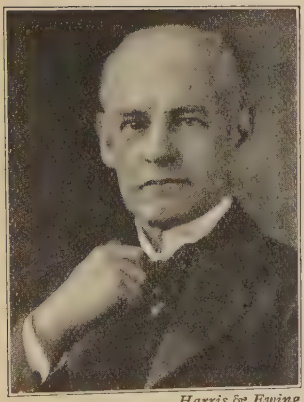
Hamlin Garland, son of a pioneer in the Middle West, was born in 1860 in Wisconsin. He is a true "son of the Middle Border," and his writing portrays accurately the life of the pioneers. He has written *Prairie Songs, Main-Travelled Roads, A Daughter of the Middle Border* (Pulitzer Prize biography in 1921), and many other books on similar subjects.

Theodosia Garrison (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks) was born in 1874 in New Jersey. She was educated in private schools. She is a poet and short-story writer and a contributor to many magazines. Two of her volumes of poetry are *The Joy o' Life and Other Poems* and *The Dreamers.*

Gerald Gould was born in 1885 in England. He went to University College in London and also to Ox-

EUGENE FIELD

ROBERT FROST



*Harris & Ewing*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

HAMLIN GARLAND

ford. At one time he was associate editor of the *Daily Herald* in London. He wrote *Poems*, *My Lady's Book*, and *Beauty the Pilgrim: New Poems*.

Robert Graves, a British poet, was born in 1895. He is a graduate of Oxford University. He fought in the World War. After that he was professor of English literature at an Egyptian university. He wrote *Fairies and Fusiliers*, *Country Sentiment*, and a volume called *First Collected Poems* (1927).

Louise Imogen Guiney was born in 1861 in Boston, Massachusetts. She went to school at Elmhurst Academy in Providence, Rhode Island, and also was educated by private tutors. In 1901 she went to England to live and remained there until her death in 1920. She wrote several volumes of verse, among them *Songs at the Start* and *Happy Ending*.

Arthur Guiterman was born in Austria of American parents in 1871. He attended the College of the City of New York. He has been a teacher, a lecturer, an editor, and a writer. Much of his verse is humorous. *The Laughing Muse* is, perhaps, the best-known of his works.

Hermann Hagedorn was born in New York in 1882. He was graduated from Harvard in 1907. He is a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, about whom he has written a great deal. He is a poet, novelist, biographer, and playwright. He is the author of *Poems and Ballads*, *Ladders through the Blue*, and *A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt*.

Hazel Hall was born in 1886 in St. Paul, Minnesota, but she lived for several years in Oregon. She

became a cripple at the age of twelve, and died in 1924. She contributed to *Poetry*, and wrote *Curtains* (1921).

Ann Hamilton was born in Ohio in 1902. She is now living abroad. She is a contributor to *Voices*, and wrote *A Jeweled Screen* in 1926.

H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) was born in Pennsylvania in 1886. After her graduation from Bryn Mawr College she spent a long time traveling. She married Richard Aldington, a well-known British poet. *Sea Garden* is one of her best-known books of poems.

Ralph Hodgson was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1872, but he has lived in America at different times. He is the leading English authority on his hobby, bull terriers. He wrote *The Last Blackbird* and *Poems* (1917).

May Folwell Hoisington was born in Pennsylvania in 1874. She was educated by governesses and tutors. She is a teacher of poetic technique as well as a poet. She wrote *Beads and Charms* and *String Beads*.

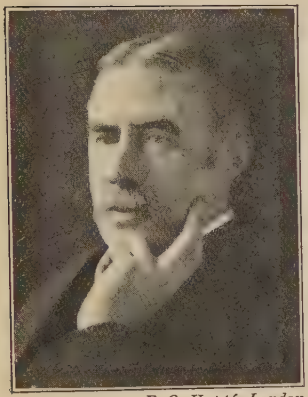
Alfred Edward Housman was born in England in 1859. Like many of the well-known British poets, he was educated at Oxford University. He is now a professor of Latin in Cambridge University. He has written *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* (1922).

Richard Hovey was born in 1864 in Illinois and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1885. He was both a dramatist and a poet. He wrote a series of dramas on Launcelot and Guinevere. With Bliss Carman he wrote three volumes of *Songs from Vagabondia*. He died in 1900.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*Underwood & Underwood*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN



*E. O. Hoppé, London*

A. E. HOUSMAN

RICHARD HOVEY

Helen Hoyt was born in Connecticut in 1887. She is a graduate of Barnard College. Besides writing poetry, she is an editor of one of the foremost magazines of verse: *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.* One of her best-known volumes is *Apples Here in My Basket.*

Burges Johnson was born in 1877 in Vermont and was graduated from Amherst College. He is a member of the faculty of Syracuse University, and has been an assistant editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and editor-in-chief of *Judge.*

Thomas Samuel Jones, Jr. was born in New York State in 1882. He is a graduate of Cornell University. He has many collections of sonnets to his credit, among them *Sonnets of the Cross, Sonnets of the Saints,* and *Six Sonnets.*

Joyce Kilmer was born in 1886 in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He was educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. He taught and wrote for the newspapers in New York. His poems will be found under the titles *Summer of Love, Trees and Other Poems,* and *Main Street and Other poems.* He was killed in action in the World War.

Andrew Lang, a Scotchman, was born in 1844. He was educated at Oxford University. He translated much Greek poetry, among which are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* and edited many old medieval tales besides writing original poetry. He wrote *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* and *Ballads in Blue China.* He died in 1912.

L. E. C. is a sister in an Episcopal convent in New York State. She contributes to magazines.

Francis Ledwidge was born in 1891 in Ireland. He received no formal education, but spent his boyhood working hard as a miner, as a farmer, and as a grocery clerk. Lord Dunsany took an interest in him and helped him develop his poetic gift. He was killed in the World War in 1917. He wrote *Songs of the Fields*, *Songs of Peace*, and *Last Songs*.

Winifred M. Letts was born in 1887 in Ireland. She was educated at Alexandria College in Dublin. At the time of the World War she became a nurse. She has written novels and books for children as well as poetry, and has also contributed to both English and American magazines. Her most important volume of poems is *The Spires of Oxford*.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was born in Illinois in 1879. He went to Hiram College and the Chicago Art Institute. He has spent much of his time wandering about the country, distributing his poems and lecturing. He is the author of *General Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems*, *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*, and, in prose, *A Handy Guide for Beggars*.

Amy Lowell was born in Massachusetts in 1874. She received her education from private tutors and by traveling abroad. She was one of the most noted poets of free verse. One of her well-known volumes of poetry is *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, and of prose, *John Keats*, a biography. She was the sister of President Lowell of Harvard University. She died in 1925.

Thomas MacDonagh, a native of Ireland, was born in 1878. He went to the National University (Ireland) and wrote many articles for *The Irish Review*. He was

*Bachrach*

BURGES JOHNSON

*Underwood & Underwood*

JOYCE KILMER

VACHEL LINDSAY

*Bachrach*

AMY LOWELL

*Miss White, K. C., Mo.*

EDWIN MARKHAM

*Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*

JOHN MASEFIELD

JOHN MCCRAE

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

executed because he took part in the Irish rebellion in 1916. After his death some of his poetry appeared under the title *Poetical Works*.

Edwin Markham was born in 1852 in Oregon, the son of pioneer parents. He was educated in normal school and two western colleges. He taught for several years. His poem *The Man with the Hoe* brought him fame. In 1922 he was chosen poet laureate of Oregon.

John Masefield was born in England in 1874. Many years of his boyhood were spent as a sailor, after which he came to America and continued to do odd jobs until he was twenty-eight years old. Then, influenced by a chance volume of Chaucer, he decided to become a poet, and soon returned to England. One of his best-known volumes of poetry is *Salt Water Ballads*. He has written several novels and plays.

John McCrae, born in 1872, was a native of Scotland but grew up in Canada. He became a doctor of medicine and at the time of the World War was an officer in the Medical Corps. His poem *In Flanders Fields* made him famous all over the world. He died in 1918 before the war was over.

Irene Rutherford McLeod was born in England in 1891. Her first volume of verse was published before she was twenty years old. She wrote *Songs to Save a Soul*, *Swords for Life*, and *Before Dawn*.

Alice Thompson Meynell was born in England in 1850. She was educated at home by her father. She married Wilfrid Meynell, an author and critic. Her poems, collected in a volume in 1913, show reverence and delicacy.

Edna St. Vincent Millay was born in Maine in 1892. She is a graduate of Vassar College. Besides being a poet, she is actress and playwright. Some of her volumes of poetry are *A Few Figs from Thistles*, *Second April*, *The Buck in the Snow*. She wrote the words for an American opera, *The King's Henchman*.

Angela Morgan was born in Washington, D. C. She studied as a special student at Columbia University. She has been a contributor to New York and Boston papers. She read an original poem, *The Unknown Soldier*, over the bier of the unknown soldier in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington. She wrote *The Hour Has Struck* and *The Luminous Heart*.

Christopher C. Morley was born in Pennsylvania in 1890. He was graduated from Haverford College and went as a Rhodes scholar to Oxford University. He has spent several years on the staffs of publishing houses, magazines, and newspapers, and is now one of the contributing editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. He wrote *The Haunted Bookshop*, *Parnassus on Wheels*, *Thunder on the Left*, and *Songs for a Little House*.

Sarojini Naidu, an East Indian poet and writer, was born in Deccan, India. She was educated in India, and also in England at King's College, London, and Cambridge University. She is a lecturer and the author of several volumes of verse, *The Golden Threshold*, *The Bud of Time*, and *The Broken Way*.

Madeleine Nightingale, a British poet, was born in 1879. She is the wife of a celebrated wood engraver

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Harris & Ewing*

SAROJINI NAIDU

*Harris & Ewing*

ALFRED NOYES

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

and lives in London. She has written both prose and poetry — one book of verse called *Mostly Moonshine.*

Grace Fallow Norton was born in 1876 in Minnesota.

Alfred Noyes, an Englishman, was born in 1880, and was educated at Oxford University. He married an American and in 1914 was appointed professor of modern English literature at Princeton University. He has contributed to magazines and has written *Drake*, an epic poem, *Robin Hood*, a poetic drama, and several volumes of poetry.

James Oppenheim was born in Minnesota in 1882. He studied as a special student at Columbia University. His poetry expresses the thoughts and struggles of everyday people. He has written a number of novels and a one-act play called *Night* besides several volumes of verse, *Monday Morning*, *Songs for the New Age*, and *The Book of Self.*

John Oxenham, a British poet, was born in Yorkshire. He went to Victoria University in Manchester, England. His first venture was in business, after which he turned to poetry as a means of expressing himself. Most of his work stresses the religious and the ethical. He wrote *God's Prisoner*, *The Vision Splendid*, and *The Man Who Would Save the World.*

Alice Freeman Palmer was born in New York in 1855. She was graduated from the University of Michigan, and then taught school. She became president of Wellesley College when she was only twenty-seven years old and thereafter became a leader in the

movement for higher education for women. She was a poet and the author of *A Marriage Cycle.*

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. L. S. Marks) was born in New York City, in 1874, and attended the Girls' Latin School in Boston and Radcliffe College. She taught for two years at Wellesley College, and then gave up that profession for literature. She wrote *The Piper*, a prize play, *The Singing Leaves*, and much poetry for children. She died in 1922.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall was born in England in 1883, but went to live in Canada at the age of seven. She was educated at the Bishop Strachan School in Canada. Many of her poems are mystical and religious. *Duna* is the best known of her poems. She died in 1922.

Dorothy Plowman is a British poet living in Sussex, England. She contributes to the *Adventurers All* series.

Lizette Woodworth Reese was born in Maryland in 1856. She was educated in private and public schools, and afterward taught for many years in the Western High School of Baltimore, from which she retired in 1921. She has written mostly lyric poetry, among which are *A Branch of May*, *Wayside Lute*, and *Spicewood.*

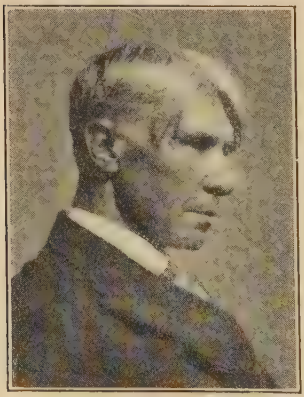
Cale Young Rice was born in Kentucky in 1872. He attended Cumberland and Harvard universities. He is a lyric poet and dramatist. He wrote *From Dusk to Dusk*, and *Trails Sunward.*

H. Thompson Rich was born in New Jersey in 1893. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1915. He is a contributor to the poetry magazine *Voices*, and wrote *I Come Singing* (1926).

*Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON



*Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago*

CARL SANDBURG

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier Poet," was born in Indiana in 1849. Although he set out to study law, he gave up the idea early in life and devoted himself to writing poems in the Hoosier dialect. He was a popular and well-loved poet. His *Complete Poems* are collected in six volumes. He died in 1916.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse was born in New York in 1869. She attended the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. She is a pioneer in the movement for recognition of American poets. She is a writer, a lecturer, and editor of *A Little Book of Modern Verse*. She wrote *The Door of Dreams* and *The Lifted Cup*.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts, born in Kentucky of pioneer ancestry, studied at the University of Chicago. She received the Fisk Poetry Prize in 1921. She has also written several novels.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson was born in New York in 1861. She is the sister of Theodore Roosevelt. She has been active in social work and as a lecturer. One of her collections of poems is *The Call of Brotherhood*. Her *Complete Poems* was published in 1921. She also wrote *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt*.

Carl August Sandburg was born in 1878 in Illinois. He earned his living as a porter, a farm worker, a salesman, and a soldier. He served in the Spanish-American War. He writes free verse. He wrote *Cornhuskers*, *Smoke and Steel*, *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, and *Good Morning, America*.

Odell Shepard was born in Illinois in 1884. He received his education at Northwestern University, the University of Chicago, and Harvard. He is a pro-

fessor of English at Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut. He wrote *A Lonely Flute* (poems, 1917) and *Bliss Carman, A Study of His Poetry.*

Frank Dempster Sherman was born in 1860 in Peekskill, New York. He was a graduate of Columbia University, where he was a professor from 1904 until his death. His poems are almost all short lyrics. He died in 1916.

William H. Simpson was born in Kansas in 1858. He attended the University of Kansas. He contributes to *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse.*

Cicely Fox Smith was born in England in 1882. She has traveled a great deal in Canada. She is very fond of the sea, and many of her poems deal with it; for example, *A Book of Famous Ships, Sailor Town Days,* and *Sea Songs and Ballads.* She is a contributor to *Punch,* the famous English magazine.

May Riley Smith was born in 1842 in Rochester, New York. She attended the schools of Rochester and the Brockport New York Collegiate Institute. She wrote *Sometime and Other Verses* and *The Inn of Rest.*

Sophie Solow is an American poet, author of *Reed for Pan,* a volume of lyrics.

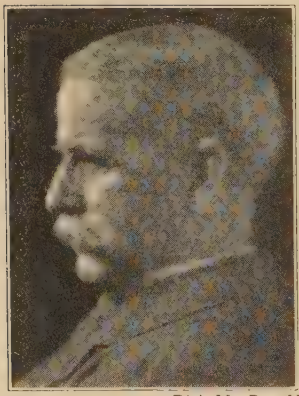
Leonora Speyer was born in Washington, D. C., in 1872. She is very much interested in music and was a professional violinist before her marriage to an English lord. She lectures on music.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He attended the University of Edinburgh. He was a poet, novelist, essayist, and short-story writer. His poems for children, *A Child's*

*E. O. Hoppé, London*

SARA TEASDALE

NANCY BYRD TURNER



*Pirie MacDonald*

HENRY VAN DYKE

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*Garden of Verses*, are well-known to every one. Although he was in ill health most of his life, he was able to give a great deal to the world. He died in Samoa.

MARION STROBEL (Mrs. James Herbert Mitchell) was born in Chicago in 1895. She is associate editor of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*. She wrote *Once in a Blue Moon*.

JOHN BANNISTER TABB was born in Virginia in 1845. He was a poet, priest, musician, and teacher of English. He wrote many beautiful lyrics, most of them very short. He published an English grammar for "My Pupils Past, Present, and Future, Active and Passive." He died in 1909.

SARA TEASDALE was born in 1884 in St. Louis. She was educated in private schools there. She won the Columbia University Poetry Prize in 1918 for *Love Songs*. Her poetry is musical and tender. She wrote also *Rivers to the Sea* and *Flame and Shadow*.

FRANCIS THOMPSON was born in England in 1859. He studied medicine for a time, but gave it up, preferring literature. He spent several years in London in great poverty, but was discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, who helped him in every way possible, and made his poetry known to the world. His best-known long work is *The Hound of Heaven*, a mystical, religious poem. He died in 1907.

NANCY BYRD TURNER was born in Virginia in 1880. She was on the staff of *The Youth's Companion* for several years, editing the Children's Page. She is now a member of the editorial staff of Houghton Mifflin Company. She is a contributor to many magazines.

KATHARINE TYNAN (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1863. She began writing poetry at the age of seventeen. Her poetry is gentle and religious in tone. She has written novels also. She is the author of *Ballads and Lyrics* and *Evensong Poems*.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER was born in Ohio in 1886. She was educated in private schools and took an extension course at Columbia University. She married Louis Untermeyer in 1907. Besides contributing to magazines, she has written *Growing Pains* and *Dreams Out of Darkness*.

HENRY VAN DYKE was born in Pennsylvania in 1852. He was educated at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, Princeton University, and Princeton Theological Seminary. He is a poet, preacher, essayist, and novelist. He was at one time minister to the Netherlands. Among his publications are *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, *The Blue Flower Six Days of the Week*, and *The Unknown Quantity*.

HAROLD VINAL was born in Maine in 1891. He comes from New England seafaring ancestry. He is the editor of *Voices*, a poetry magazine. He wrote *Voyage* and *A Stranger in Heaven*.

WILLIAM WATSON was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1858. He has written a number of long poems. Among his volumes of poetry are *Poems Brief and New* and *The Woman with a Serpent's Tongue*.

WINIFRED WELLES (Mrs. Harold Shearer) was born in Connecticut in 1893. She is the author of a volume called *The Hesitant Heart*.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK was born in New York in

1886. He is a graduate of Harvard, and has also studied in Berlin. His poetry is vigorous and musical. He is the author of *Dust and Light* and *The Black Panther*.

MARGARET WIDDEMER was born in Pennsylvania in 1884. She was educated by tutors and at the Drexel Institute Library School. She has written many novels and stories for girls, but it is through her lyrics that she has acquired fame. Some of her works are *The Factories with Other Lyrics*, *Cross-Currents*, and *Rhinestones*.

ANNETTE WYNNE, an American poet, lives in New York. She is a graduate of Stokes University. She is the author of *For Days and Days*.

# A SUGGESTED GROUPING OF POEMS ACCORDING TO SUBJECT

### THE SEASONS

An April Morning (24)
A Vagabond Song (27)
The Lent Lily (118)
A Song of April (175)
The Call of the Spring (187)
When the Frost Is on the Punkin (215)
May Day (248)
Glimpse in Autumn (256)
April (262)

### THE HOURS

Memory (1)
Home-Bound (6)
Song for Morning (46)
Time, You Old Gypsy Man (115)
Reveille (120)
Evening in England (136)
The Home-Coming of the Sheep (137)
Sundown (148)
Afternoon on a Hill (165)
This Is God's Day (272)

# A Suggested Grouping of Poems

## WOODS AND HILLS

Leisure (58)
Magic (91)
The Mountains Are a Lonely Folk (92)
The Green Inn (96)
Oread (114)
Beauty's Haunts (232)
Haystack (240)
Pastoral (241)
O Little Road (271)

## WIND AND WATER

Downpour (5)
A Son of the Sea (26)
River (45)
Water (49)
Happy Wind (57)
The Rain (59)
Nobody Knows (62)
Beclouded (64)
The Storm (66)
Do You Fear the Wind? (93)
Two Sewing (111)
Sea Gypsy (126)
Sea Shell (147)
Sea Fever (158)
The Wind Is Blind (164)
What Say Bright Leaves of Day? (176)
The Fog (222)
Bareback (226)
First Voyage (260)

# Appendix

## QUEST

Gypsy-Heart (9)
Going Down Hill on a Bicycle (11)
Sic Vita (17)
Song (21)
A Road Song (30)
A Girl of the West (51)
Adventure (67)
The Skaters (78)
An Empty Threat (83)
Wander-Thirst (98)
Wind-in-the-Hair and Rain-in-the-Face (107)
Scythe Song (133)
Lyrics from *The Buccaneer* (156)
The Tarry Buccaneer (160)
Lone Dog (163)
Travel (166)
The House and the Road (197)
The High Adventure (200)
The Song of the Ships in 1560 (204)
Sleepless (212)
Merchantmen (227)
Heritage (233)
Vagabond (238)
Going Up to London (250)
A Mile with Me (258)

## LIFE

A Boy's Prayer (13)
A Song (16)
A Christmas Carol (31)

# A Suggested Grouping of Poems

For Joy (37)
My Mind and I (44)
The Blades of Grass (50)
Sea-Gull Song (52)
The Example (55)
A Greeting (56)
Courage (90)
The Kings (101)
The Wild Ride (103)
At the Crossroads (122)
Sometimes (130)
Saplings (134)
Spirit Wings (135)
Anchored to the Infinite (149)
A Creed (150)
Man-Making (154)
A Prayer (155)
Work (167)
The Slave (193)
How — When — Where (194)
Love's Giving (195)
The Butterfly (196)
Prayer for a Boy (202)
A Little Song of Life (210)
Windows (218)
Stretch Out Your Hand (221)
Prayers of Steel (223)
Plowman and Poet (224)
A Prayer (225)
The Tree-Top Road (230)
A B C's in Green (235)

Requiem (237)
The Coin (246)
Thoughts (247)
Love and the Child (249)
Clay Hills (257)
Work (259)
Love and Liberation (265)
If Love Were Mine (269)

PATRIOTISM

Flower of the Land (2)
America the Beautiful (7)
The Soldier (20)
The Iron Music (79)
Ode of Dedication (109)
The Spires of Oxford (142)
Lincoln, the Man of the People (151)
In Flanders Fields (162)
Flags on Fifth Avenue (170)

BOOKS AND MUSIC

Books (42)
Books (65)
A Jeweled Screen (113)
The Barrel Organ (177)
A Song of Sherwood (190)
Ten Years Old (261)
School (263)

CHILDHOOD

Portrait of a Boy (14)
Lie-Awake Songs (22)

Barberry (41)
The Dinkey-Bird (70)
Jest 'fore Christmas (73)
Seein' Things (76)
I Wonder What It Feels Like to Be Drowned? (100)
Etiquette (105)
A Little Boy I Know (117)
Child's Song (124)
Incorrigible (129)
Smells (173)
Cradle Song (174)
Escape at Bedtime (236)
A Bunch of Roses (242)

**FAËRIE**

The Listeners (60)
The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend (89)
I'd Love to Be a Fairy's Child (99)
The Shadow People (140)
Elf Song (199)
Stolen Away (207)

**HOME**

A Song for My Mother: Her Hands (18)
The Old Woman of the Roads (38)
Nod (63)
The House by the Side of the Road (81)
Home from Wild Meadows (95)
Roofs (131)
A Mother's Song (138)
My Mother (139)

Song for a Little House (171)
To a Little House (172)
Duna (198)
Traveler's Rest (229)
Return to New York (266)
The Watcher (268)

GROWING THINGS

A Blackbird Suddenly (4)
Roadside Flowers (25)
Morning-Glories (28)
The White-Throated Sparrow (32)
Robin Rimes (34)
A Yellow Pansy (40)
Goldfish (43)
Tree Toad (47)
Day's Black Star (54)
At the Aquarium (69)
Birches (86)
The Gaunt Gray Wolf (94)
Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry Now (119)
The Mocking Bird (125)
Ellis Park (127)
The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken (144)
Daffodils (209)
Compensation (211)
The Scarlet Tanager (213)
The First Bluebird (214)
The Hens (219)
The Rabbit (220)
The Butterfly (243)

## A Suggested Grouping of Poems

Fern Song (244)
The Tax-Gatherer (245)
The Little Red Lark (254)
The Leaves Do Not Mind at All (270)

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